THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, {EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1861. TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 7.

SACRED ODE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The Earth is God's: How through her vales
The azure streams rejoicing roll,
As if they filled her mighty veins,
And she had an adoring soul!
The forest-organs sound His march;
The mountains towering vast and dim,
Strive with their great dumb lips to shout
A song of worship unto Him.

II.

The Sea is God's: Her great white hands
Before His brow in worship meet,
And all the minstrel-billows bend
In solemn song around His feet.
O grandly to their ancient chant
The coral halls responsive cry,
As He on His red car of storms
Comes thundering through the cloven sky!

III.

The Sky is God's: How sweetly fall
The anthems of the Pleiadês,
Arcturus and vast Mazzoroth
In answer to the sounding seas!
And terribly the choring stars
Through trembling space proclaim His worth;
Yet radiantly the rainbows keep
His deathless promise to the Earth.

IV.

The Universe is God's: Long He
In meditation sat alone,
While o'er His brow the awful cloud
Of His own brooding thought was thrown
But He unveiled His brow, and lo!
From chaos moaned away the curse,
And like a mirror to His face
It sparkled back the Universe.

V.

Eternity is God's: Upon
Its solemn pyramid He stands,
While in His golden shadow roll
The myriad stars and peopled lands.
Like dewdrops sparkling in the sun,
O God, all things exist in Thee—
Sole Father, Keeper, boundless Lord
Whose bosom holds Infinity!

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BAILIFF.

Gerald Murdock received a letter from Farworth. The messenger who brought it said there was no answer to be carried back; so he did not wait. The young barrister knew the hand of the superscription, and with trembling eagerness he broke the seal. He read as follows:—

> "GERALD MURDOCK—I have considered the proposition which you made to me. I have considered it calmly and dispassionately; with an earnest, prayerful desire that I might be led in the way of wisdom and justice. You have asked me to become your wife, and I now make answer. IT CAN NEVER BE. In this decision I abate none of my good wishes towards you, nor would I withdraw my friendship. But let me assure you that my answer is final; and when we meet again, I trust that we may meet as though this question had never arisen. Of course you will not allow this to offend you; and I sincerely hope that it may prove no great disappointment.
>
> "Trusting that you will bear me no hardness of thought for the answer I have given, I remain your earnest friend,
>
> LORINDA VERBROOK."

As Gerald crushed the missive in his hand, and stamped his foot upon the floor, his father, who had been watching him, spoke.

"What is it, my son?"

"Read it, and see," returned Gerald, through his clenched teeth.

"It is only as I expected," said Owen, after he had read the letter. He spoke calmly, and handled the missive without the least show of concern or disappointment. "I have had no hopes of your success, *my* boy; and it is well that I had not; for, in view of this result, I have been at work in my own way."

Gerald took a few turns up and down the room; and when he finally stopped he had in a measure recovered himself.

"You are right, governor. I had expected the same. Still, a blow is a blow, whether expected or not. The assassin's dagger is rendered none the less keen because its coming may have been anticipated. The man who strikes you will be very apt to stir your anger, notwithstanding you may have had forewarning of his intent."

"That's so, Gerald. I do not wonder at your feeling; but I would have you regard the event with an eye to the future."

"It's all over now," replied the young man, coming back from another turn across the room. "I think she means just what she says."

"You need not doubt that, my son. She means that for a final answer."

"Then I am prepared for the next step. I have tried persuasion, and have failed. Now let the plan be laid deep and strong. My heart is fixed upon the consummation, and I will not miss it if any earthly power can help me." As Gerald Murdock thus spoke he clenched his hands as though he felt the force within him which was to crush a human heart. "You spoke of work which you had been doing."

"Yes, my boy,—I have been at work; and I think I have hit the nail on the head. I have seen the Earl, and have also corresponded with several of the officers of the Chancery Court; and I am sure that I can obtain letters of guardianship over the heiress of Farworth as soon as I can present a good cause for subjecting her again to wardship. To that end we must keep quiet, and work carefully. I have a hold upon his lordship, and I only need a good pretext to help me. If you will keep perfectly silent, acting towards Lorinda as though nothing had happened out of the way, for a month or so, I think we may fix it to suit ourselves. Remember,—she must be your wife! that is the fact."

"I hope it is, at least," said Gerald.

"We will make it so," returned Owen, decisively. "She shall be your wife if she and you and I all live. I have the power—I know I have. I tell you, the Earl of Lancaster will work for me. He is not perfect, and I know it; and he knows that I know it. I have helped him ere now, and he stands pledged to help me. He will not do a deed unjust upon its very face; but if I can give him a pretext, seeming good and sufficient, he will not inquire too minutely into particulars. Do you comprehend that?"

"I think I do."

"Then be patient. Let the lady suspect nothing."

"I think I can control myself."

"With such a hope, you ought to."

"Don't be alarmed. I have controlled myself thus far very well. If, for the last three months, I haven't acted the virtuous youth, then I'm mistaken."

"You have, my boy."

"And I can do it for three months to come."

"Do so, and all shall yet be well. And now let us go and see what all this disturbance means in the court. I should think an army had arrived."

The father and son went down, and found a full score of armed men, in the saddle, and the old butler serving them with beer from a bucket. They were stout, formidable looking fellows; and as Owen approached them, he recognized in their leader, Roger Brentwood, the bailiff of Poulton.

"How is this, sir bailiff?" asked Murdock, approaching the officer's side.

"I' faith, sir, we have business on our hands," replied Roger, smacking his lips over the beer. "There is a smuggler on the coast. Duncan Barthol, with his felon crew, is not far away. We have a clue, and we will find him if we can. And, if we do find him, he's ours. Egad, I hope I shall fall upon the rascal. He has gone unwhipped of justice long enough."

"I had not heard of the smuggler's presence," said Owen. He spoke thus far with his eyes bent to the ground, for he had been thinking. The first mention of the smuggler had moved him strangely; though he endeavored to hide the fact. "Has Barthol's vessel come in near here?" he asked, looking up.

"Somewhere in the Wash of the Loyne, I think," returned the bailiff. "At all events, we're after 'em."

"If you want more help, I can furnish it," proposed Owen; "for I am anxious that these villains should be apprehended."

"I guess not," said the officer, shaking his head. "I have men enough of my own; and, even if I needed more, I should hardly dare to trust the people of this section. The rascals have too much sympathy for the smugglers. I don't mean to individualize, sir. The servants of Cheswold are as good as the rest; but I haven't much faith in any of 'em for this business."

Owen seemed inclined at first to dispute this by maintaining the integrity of the men under his particular charge; but he thought better of it, and let it go as Brentwood had stated it. He was anxious, however, that the bailiff should return that way, if possible, and let him know of his success.

"Certainly," that individual replied. "If I find them on the coast, this will be my nearest way. But I may find 'em back in the country; for, ye see, there's a revenue vessel gone after them by water; and, if the villains get frightened, they may take to the woods."

A second tankard of beer for the men, and then the bailiff moved off, and was soon galloping away upon the beach with his troop. When they were out of sight Gerald sought his father's side, and asked him why he was so anxious touching the apprehension of the smugglers.

"Why," returned Owen, with a start, which he would fain have made appear as one of simple surprise, "is it not a duty we all owe to our government?"

"Is not what a duty?"

"The apprehending of smugglers."

"But you seemed very anxious that old Brentwood should succeed in this particular case."

"Well—and is not this a just case? Ought not the felons to be brought to punishment, and the country freed from their unlawful work?"

Gerald's lip curled.

"You ought not to talk in that way to me, governor. You and I know each other better. What do we care for these smugglers? Haven't we brandy in our lockers that came to us cheaper on their account? and didn't we wink at the sin when we thus helped compound the felony? So, no more of that. Now tell me what's to pay. What is there about these particular smugglers that interests you?"

"Nothing—nothing."

"But, governor, I know better. This isn't the first time I've noticed it. This isn't the first time you've betrayed uncommon interest in these outlaws."

"Well," returned Owen, after reflecting a while, during which he worked his hands rather nervously, "what do you make of it? Whither do your thoughts lead you?"

"I'll tell you," said Gerald: "I've taken a fancy that these smugglers—or some of them—or one or more of them—are in some way connected with affairs that interest both you and me. Am I not right?"

Owen hesitated this time longer than before. He was not wholly silent, for he walked away muttering to himself, but his mutterings were not intended as an answer to his son. By and by, however, he came back, and laid his hand upon Gerald's shoulder.

"I should be foolish to think of deceiving you, my son, and I should be still more foolish to betray secrets which it was your business to know. I will, for the present, confess to you that I have particular reasons for wishing to have the whole crew of that smuggler brig arrested and condemned. At some time I may tell you more. At some time I *will* tell you more. But, for now, I beg you will be satisfied. Will you accommodate me in this?"

Gerald nodded his head, and walked away. He was not entirely pleased, but he was willing to obey.

While the father and son were thus conversing, there had been another individual interested in the movements of the bailiff and his posse. Old Silverthorne came hurrrying up from his shop, going directly to the stable, where he found Luke Bissell.

What were the under sheriff and his men after?

They were after the smugglers.

What smugglers?

Duncan Barthol and his crew.

The old man started. He had not known that Barthol was on the coast. He had just returned from Farworth, and had heard no news. Did Luke know where the smugglers were?

He heard Roger Brentwood say that they were somewhere about the mouth of the Loyne.

"I must have a horse at once," said Silverthorne. His hands were clenched, and his lips were compressed, as one whose feelings were working deeply. "Give me one of the fleetest?"

Luke ventured to ask what was the trouble. He seemed very curious to know why the old man should be so moved by this danger to the outlaws, for that such was the case there could be no doubt.

"Don't stop to question me, my good Luke, but let me have the horse as quickly as possible. I am willing to confess that I have a deep interest in the welfare of some who are of that outlaw crew, but I cannot tell you more now."

Without further question or remark the groom proceeded to caparison one of the horses, and when all was ready, he helped the old man into the saddle.

"If," said he, "I should be asked whither you had gone, what shall I say?"

"It is understood that I am to have the use of boats and horses?"

"Yes."

"Then tell the inquirer that you do not know. Say that I rode off in the direction of Hornby."

With this Silverthorne started, taking the road by the river—around the hill—and stopping not until he reached Farworth. He sought the Lady Lorinda at once, and asked to see her alone. She met him in one of the drawing-rooms, and closed the door after her.

The greetings were short, and upon the maiden's part, betokened perfect confidence in her visitor. And such had been the old man's influence upon her. She had given him her whole wealth of sympathy and esteem, and had come to regard him as one worthy in every way to be her friend and counsellor. And, situated as she then was, with the place of PARENT vacant, the white-haired man had almost won the whole love of the child.

"Lorinda," he said, speaking more firmly, and with more of strength, than was his wont, "I have come to you upon a curious errand, and I have to beg, in the outset, that you will not ask me many questions. Permit me to say, that I do a work upon which I believe Heaven may look most favorably. And here it is: When I reached Cheswold, to-day, I found the bailiff of Poulton there, with a posse of armed men; and I learned that they were in quest of a gang of smugglers. I made further inquiries, and found that the celebrated chieftain, Duncan Barthol, was on the coast, and that he and his crew were the objects of the search.—What is it, my child?"

"Nothing, sir. Go on."

She whispered her answer, and tried to appear calm.

"I have reasons, lady, for wishing to see these smugglers before the bailiff falls in with them. As smugglers I have no sympathy with them; but there are two men with them whom I would serve—whom I would save. One is an old man—one is a young man.—You tremble."

"I cannot help it," the maiden replied, with her hands pressed upon her heaving bosom. "Speak plainly, and notice me not. I am listening."

"I am not ignorant," the old man resumed, "of the peculiar relation existing between yourself and one of the persons to whom I have alluded. They are John Darwood and Elroy Clifton whom I would save from the clutches of the bailiff. Had I known sooner that the smuggler had arrived upon our coast, I might have pursued a different course from the one I feel called upon now to adopt. But, as it is at present, any movement in their behalf must be a decided one. Once within the power of the sheriff, and all hope is gone. Would you not be willing to do something for the safety of the two whom I have named?"

Lorinda had until now been trembling violently; but gradually she became calm; and when she spoke, her voice was strangely sweet and touching:

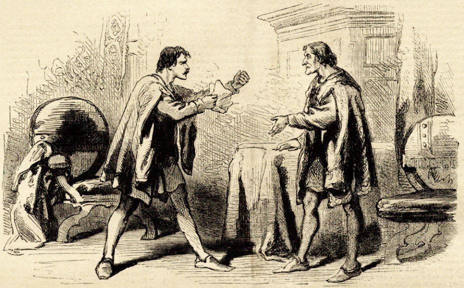
"Elroy Clifton saved my life—saved it at the risk of his own. I owe him my life; and, for his good, it is at his service. Show me how I can help him, and I shall not hesitate. No pride of station can come between me and my gratitude—no fear of censure can come between me and my heart's deep duties. Speak on, sir; for I can trust you."

"Noble, generous girl, God give you reward for this!" Silverthorne raised the maiden's hand to his lips—a tear dropped upon it. A moment his voice quivered; but presently it was strong again. "I know not how I may find the youth; but I hope I may find him in season. Armed men upon the sea are after him, and armed men upon the land are ready to pounce upon him. He must find a shelter. I have thought of Farworth. Could I lead him hither, he might be safe. There might be other places, but I dare not trust them. If I find him, and can lead him away from his pursuers, shall I bring him to this old hall?"

"Aye—bring him," was the answer; "and bring John Darwood with him. If there is safety for them at Farworth, they shall have it; and, if the laws of my country be outraged by the act, then between me and my God be the settlement!"

The old man stopped not for further remark. Time was precious, and he had none of it to spare. He blessed the noble girl once more, and then hurried away.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE PLOTTING FATHER AND THE ENRAGED LOVER.

CHAPTER XX.

ENVIRONED!

Early on the morning of the day during which the events last recorded transpired the smuggler brig was hauled as close in shore as possible, and the crew went at work to break out her cargo, which consisted mostly of wines and liquors, with some tobacco, and a few bales of silken stuffs that had been taken from a French contrabandist. Before night the whole lot was safely on shore, and had been hidden away in the woods, where one not initiated would never think of looking for it.—But this unlading had not taken place where certain spies had supposed it would. On the previous day the brig had been run into a snug harbor at the mouth of the river Loyne; but the appearance of suspicious-looking persons had been reported by friends from the shore; so, during the night, the smugglers hauled out and sailed up the bay, seeking another shelter close by the confines of Westmoreland, where, as we have seen, they discharged their cargo without interruption. In doing this they had received the assistance of quite a number of the peasantry, who had come with horses and carts, and who, when the night approached, took it upon themselves to stand watch near the concealed goods.

"You will not only watch the goods," said Barthol, "but you will also keep your eyes open for the approach of enemies. From the report which we received below, I am suspicious that the officers are upon our track. I hope we have led them off the scent; but it may not be so. If old Roger Brentwood is after us, as I have reason to believe, he will not return to Poulton until he has searched somewhat. Go, keep a sharp lookout; and if you detect any suspicious interlopers, give us the signal at once."

The peasants promised that they would be watchful and faithful; and Barthol then went on board his vessel with his crew. It was fairly dark when they had eaten their supper, and, as they were somewhat fatigued with the labors of the day, they retired early to their rest, a watch of two men being left upon deck, and a relief arranged for every two hours.

At ten o'clock John Darwood and Elroy Clifton came on; and after pacing to and fro for some time in silence, the former keeping a lookout towards the shore, while the latter turned his attention seaward, they came together upon the forecastle, as if by mutual impulse.

"What is it, Elroy?" Darwood asked, as he caught the earnest expression of the youth. It was not so much the expression of the face which the old man had detected, but the manner and movement; for the dim starlight did not reveal the workings of the features very plainly. "What have you upon your mind?"

"It is this, dear Darwood," replied Elroy, having cast his eyes about, as though to assure himself that they were alone: "I have been thinking upon a serious matter, and have about made up my determination. I mean to sail in this brig no more."

"Ah!"

"I have considered upon it, and so resolved."

"To be frank with you, my boy, I have read your thoughts for some time back; so your announcement does not startle me. But where will you go when you leave us?"

"Leave *us?*" repeated Elroy, with strong emphasis. "Ah, no, no," he added, shaking his head; "I cannot leave *you*. You must go with me. We will go together somewhere."

"But where?" asked Darwood, gazing intently into his companion's face. "Where will you go to be safe?"

"Anywhere, rather than here," replied the youth, earnestly. "Our safety here is the worst kind of safety. It is like hiding from a lie behind a barrier of new falsehood. By and by the whole fabric must come tumbling down, and we may be crushed beneath the ruins. Every day spent here is but an addition to the weight already upon us. There must be some spot upon the earth where we can be safe."

"Ah, my good Elroy, for you there may be; but not for me. I am content to remain where I am."

"No, no,—don't say so. I cannot go without you; and yet I cannot stay here. My life must not wither and fade under the influence of this outlawed station. I feel within me the stirring of higher aspirations, and the burnings of purer hopes, than can find fruition in this sphere. In short, I cannot remain here. There is a continual warfare going on between the duties imposed upon me by these relations, and the duties which the soul owes to its God. I grow more and more miserable every day; and the time has come when these accursed and accursing bonds must be severed."

For some moments John Darwood regarded his companion in silence. At length he said, in a low, searching tone:

"Elroy, the vision of the fair young mistress of Farworth has some influence upon you."

The youth started; and the quick movement of the hand towards his breast plainly told that a bolt had reached his heart.

"It was not kind to speak so," he returned, when he had recovered himself.

"As I live, I meant no arrow in the speech," cried Darwood. "I thought most kindly when I spoke."

"I blame you not, good Darwood. But you mistake me if you think that a thing so extraneous hath induced me to this. Still, I am free to confess that the Lady Lorinda Verbrook has exercised some influence upon me. The atmosphere which I have breathed in her presence may have inspired me to more effective thought—may have hastened my decision,—but not induced it. No—the subject has been with me, in my secret reflections, for a long while. And now, as we are once more upon the coast of England, and are likely to remain——"

"Ha!—Hark!" So uttered Darwood; and as

he spoke, he started to the rail, and gazed off upon the water. "Did you hear that sound?"

"What sound?" asked Elroy.

"It was the dip of oars. Ha—there it is again."

"Aye—I heard it then. Hark!—By the host, there are boats approaching us. Is it not so?"

Before Darwood could reply there came another cause for alarm. Upon the shore there was a sudden flash, like the burning of a quantity of loose powder, followed, a moment afterwards, by the rising of a fire-ball into the air.

"We are attacked, as sure as fate!" cried Elroy, starting towards the quarter-deck. "Do you arouse the men in the forecastle, and I'll call the captain."

The smuggler crew were quick in their movements under alarm, and ere many moments had elapsed they were all on deck. Barthol had been the first up, and when he asked what had happened, Darwood told him of the signal from the shore, and also of the sound he had heard upon the water. As soon as he had received the intelligence he commanded his men to be silent; and, as the tread of feet was hushed upon the deck, the sound of falling oars came breaking through the air.

"There is more than one boat," said Elroy.

"Aye," returned the captain, "it is even so."

"And," added the youth, "we are attacked from the shore and the sea both."

"That may not be," said Barthol. "Our friends may have discovered these boats."

At this moment an exclamation from the mate called the attention of the captain to the shore; and after looking a few seconds, he could see men moving upon the beach.

"They may be friends," said Darwood, who had come over.

"No," returned Barthol; "that cannot be; for, see—there are a full score of them. It is as Elroy said. We are attacked upon both hands! But we will defend ourselves. Arm, my men; and stand by to repel enemies! We will not surrender without a struggle! It is too late to think of taking to our boats. We shall be safer here."

Ere long the outlines of two boats came breaking through the darkness; and it was evident that they were full of men.

"And," said Barthol, "they are seamen, too, as we can tell by the way they handle their oars. There's a revenue cutter not far off. By my life, this is likely to be a severe job. But how is it on the other hand?"

It was dubious enough on the other hand; for the men upon the shore had found boats, and were putting off.

Duncan Barthol was, for the time, undecided how to act. He was fairly in a trap, and was likely to be attacked by a force three times as strange as his own. He had the advantage of position; but that was not sufficient to overcome the disparity in numbers. This plan of the enemy must have been laid with great care; and efficient spies must have been at work too. However, there was not much time for consideration, as the boats from the sea, and the boats from the shore, were already approaching very near.

"What is to be done?" asked Elroy.

"Ha! your voice trembles!" cried the captain, turning quickly upon him.

"It is not with fear of those men," replied the youth, boldly.

"Then tell me what you would do?" responded Barthol.

"Obey your orders."

"Very well,—then fight! For, by the eternal heavens, I am not to be frightened into a quiet surrender! What ho, my men! stand by. We'll defend our deck to the last!"

In a moment more the brig was hailed from one of the boats that had come in from the sea; and Barthol made answer.

"Where is Duncan Barthol?" came from the boat.

"He is here!" was the reply.

"Then, in the name of the king, I order you to surrender!"

"We surrender to no man's order. If you want us, come and take us!"

"Do you mean to resist us?"

"If you attempt to board this vessel, you will find out."

Upon this the two boats stopped, and there seemed to be a consultation. Presently the oars were let fall again, and their course was changed, they running away under the brig's stern, where, in a few minutes, they were joined by the two boats from the shore. Here another consultation was held; and, to what effect, was very soon evident for, when they separated, they approached the brig at a swift rate, two upon the larboard, and two upon the starboard side; and when they came up they grappled the chains, and were soon pouring over the vessel's rail.

The smugglers were brave, stout men; and they were ready and willing to fight; but they had brave men opposed to them. As soon as the invaders had boarded, which they did with a short struggle, Barthol saw with whom he had to contend. Upon one hand came that old land-bruiser, Roger Brentwood; while upon the other came the battle-scarred commander of the most effective revenue cruiser on the coast.

"Hold!" shouted Brentwood, when he saw that his men were at his back, and that the other party were with him. "Where is Duncan Barthol?"

"Here!" replied the smuggler chieftain, taking a step forward.

"Do you mean to resist us?"

Barthol did not give immediate answer. It was a bitter word—that word of surrender—and yet how should he avoid it. He had resisted the coming of the enemy, but without effect, and now, to resist further, would be only madness. In fact, his crew had practically answered the question for their position showed that they had no inclination to contend against such numbers of their own countrymen.

"How is it, Duncan—must we fight?"

"No," replied the chieftain, putting up his sword. "For myself I would fight to the death, but I will not hopelessly sacrifice my men. I surrender!" He quivered like a wind-riven oak as he spoke; and it was plain to be seen that the word had cost him a wonderful effort.

There was but little more said on board the brig. The smugglers saw that they were helplessly prisoners, and they submitted with as good grace as possible. After the handcuffs were on, Duncan Barthol asked whither he was to be taken. But his captors had not yet decided. They should take him on shore first. They allowed him to go into his cabin and get such articles as he wished to take with him, and then he was conducted into a boat.

When the shore was reached a new question arose. Where were the contraband articles which the smugglers had brought off?

"Don't ask me such a question as that," replied Barthol. "If you want them, you must find them."

It was very soon evident to the officers that they could gain no information upon this point from the smugglers, so further inquiry was abandoned, and the next thing in order was the disposition which was to be made of the prisoners. It was finally arranged that they should be taken by the bailiff, and conducted to Lancaster, while the commander of the cutter took charge of the brig.

While this arrangement was being made Barthol found opportunity to speak with one of the peasants who had helped him remove his cargo, and who had promised to keep watch during the night. The chieftain wished to know how the bailiff and his men had approached so near without being discovered.

"They must have had spies," replied the peasant. "They didn't come by the road; nor by any path; but they came out from the wood, and were close on to us before we knew it. We did the best we could."

It was evident enough that the plan had been thoroughly arranged by the bailiff and the revenue officer, and that no amount of foresight could have prevented the consummation which had followed.

But there was one thing more, and Barthol had barely time to whisper it to the peasant before he was interrupted by Brentwood.

"If the dogs have not yet found our cargo, they will not be likely to find it if they are not helped by some traitor. I may escape. If I do, let me find the goods safe."

The man promised, and then, as he saw the bailiff approaching, he turned away.

It was past midnight when the party was ready to set forth, and it was thus arranged for the march: The bailiff and his men, twenty-three in number, were on horseback; while the prisoners, numbering nineteen, were to go on foot, handcuffed, and in pairs, being thus doubly secured; for each man was ironed, and, in addition, lashed to his companion by a stout cord turned several times around the elbow. Barthol and his chief mate were together, and ahead; and, as it happened, Elroy Clifton and John Darwood were together, and in the rear. This may have been so arranged from the fact that these last two were the most quiet of the lot, and seemed likely to give the least trouble; and it may have happened from mere chance. The odd one of the prisoners was a boy—the son of the mate—who walked behind his father.

The bailiff's company was not exactly the same that had stopped with him at Cheswold. Three of the original force had failed him at Carnford, and he had enlisted six new ones in the same village. These new men had joined him, partly for the pay, and partly for the sake of the adventure; and as they furnished their own horses, and appeared honest and capable, their offers had been gladly accepted.

"Now," cried Roger Brentwood, his waving sword throwing back the beams of the peasants' lanterns, "we are off; and, if we're any way lively, we'll reach Lancaster long before daylight. Forward!"

And the column was in motion, the bailiff leading off, while his men rode along by the side of the prisoners.

"O, my soul and life! this is hard!" groaned Elroy Clifton, as he started on, with the felon bond upon his hands, and the stout, tight thong upon his arm. "Thus ends the world of hope to me!"

"Don't be cast down, Elroy," returned Darwood, kindly. "You are yet young, and the time to come may have promise for you."

"No, no," the youth cried, bitterly. "This stain is not to be washed away by time. The sun of my hope is set. The castle which I had builded in the future, wherein were the halls of honor and of peace, is all fallen to ruins! Alas! would that I had not lived to this hour!"

How could John Darwood comfort him? He could not, and he was silent.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

It was a narrow by-way along which the bailiff led his prisoners, running very near to the shore of the bay, and joining the great mail road at Carnford. At the distance of two miles from the starting point the party entered a narrow defile, where the stunted trees grew thick, and where but little light could struggle in from the stars. As they struck into this gloomsome track Brentwood issued the order for his men to keep close to their respective charges, and be watchful. He directed his assistant officer to ride on ahead, and then he drew upon one side, and allowed the company to pass him. It was so dark that he could see no more than two or three of the sections at the same time; but when they all moved by him, he was sure that everything was right, and he once more sought the head of the column.

"We shall lodge in the prison at Lancaster before this night is passed," said Elroy, after the bailiff had moved off.

"I suppose so," returned Darwood.

"And where next?"

The old man did not answer.

"Where next?" the youth repeated.

"I cannot tell." The reply was given dubiously and hesitatingly.

"Shall we be tried at Lancaster?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"And of course we shall be condemned. What power can save us?"

"I don't know."

"Nothing can save us. Is it not so? Is there any possible hope?"

"Why do you press these questions, Elroy?"

"Because I would know the worst. I do not wish to climb for the simple purpose of falling back. I would rather know the whole truth now. We shall be tried at Lancaster. We shall be condemned. We shall be transported. Is it not so?"

"You read the future with prophetic vision, my boy."

A heavy groan escaped from Elroy's lips, and for awhile he was silent. At length he spoke again. He asked if the trial would be a public one, and if the affair would be published to all the world.

Yes. Such would surely be the case.

But—could not the prisoners give false names if they chose?

Certainly.

Elroy was upon the point of speaking again when he felt a hand upon his shoulder; and on turning he found that the man who had been riding behind him had come up by his side.

"This is Elroy Clifton?" the guardsman said, in a tone barely above a whisper.

The youth was startled, for he supposed that his last remark to his companion must have been overheard.

"Who says my name is Clifton?" he replied, as soon as he could collect his thoughts.

"I only asked the question, sir. Am I not right?"

If our hero was to be tried, and his name published to the world so branded, should he allow it to be known at Farworth that he and the transported felon were one and the same person?

"My name is nothing to you," he said.

"Your name may be much to me," was the quick response; and there was a spice of eagerness in it, too. "I do not ask such questions without a cause. In the darkest hour a gleam of light may be at hand; and in the season of utmost peril a friend may be near. You are Elroy Clifton; and your companion is John Darwood. Speak—is it not so?"

Surely, the tone of that voice was familiar. Was it a friend? Something whispered to the youth that it might be; and, without hesitation, he replied:

"Never an hour of darker portent than this;—never more need of friend. Would you be a friend to Elroy Clifton?"

"Aye."

"Then you speak to the one whom you would serve."

The horseman leaned further over, and whispered, in hurried tones:

"You and your companion must be brave and cautious; for what is to be done must be done quickly. I would free you from your present bonds. First I will cut the cord upon your arm. Be careful, and give no sign to those ahead of you."

Thus speaking the man reached over, and soon succeeded in cutting the bonds from the youth's elbow, thereby separating him from his companion. Darwood had heard the remarks of the stranger guardsman, and he was not backward in making known his willingness to escape.

As soon as the cord had been cut, the horseman fell back for a few moments, but, when he had assured himself that his movements were not noticed by his companions, he came up again, and handed to Elroy a key

"This will unlock your handcuffs," he said. "You can cast those off from Darwood's wrists, and then he can remove yours. Work cautiously, for the next step must be a decisive one."

Who it was that thus addressed him Elroy did not know; but yet he had confidence enough in him to pursue the work thus laid out without a question. After some trouble he succeeded in unlocking the cuffs on Darwood's wrists, and removing them; and ere long his own hands were also free. He had just slipped off his bonds when a sharp "*—sh!*" fell upon his ear. He knew it must be a note of warning, and at once he and his companion resumed their former position, and walked along as though they were still bound. In a moment more he discovered what was meant; for, upon looking up, he saw a horseman halted by the roadside, who, by the burly outline, he knew must be the bailiff.

"All right?" asked Brentwood, as the rear of the column reached him.

"All right," answered the guardsman.

"We'll be out of this dark pass ere long."

"I hope so," was the response. "It must be two o'clock."

"Close upon that I guess," said the bailiff. "We'll reach Carnford in half an hour; and from there it's but a short trip to Lancaster Keep your eyes open along here."

"Aye, aye. I'm not apt to sleep on duty"

Roger Brentwood rode on to the head of his column again, and presently the mysterious friend bent over and whispered into Elroy's ear.

"Are you acquainted with this section?"

"Yes,—perfectly."

"Do you know where Tryford Hill is?"

"Yes."

"Can you go directly there?"

"Yes. But we must cross the high-road."

"Exactly; and not far ahead is a path which leads that way. When we come to it I will give you the signal. Then do you drop behind, and make off as quickly as possible. At the foot of the hill is a small cot, where old Tryford used to live. It is not far from the road."

"I know the place," said Elroy.

"At that point you will wait for me, unless you should be surprised before I can reach you. You will find horses there, and a man ready to serve you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes,—I think so."

"Then watch."

The guardsman fell behind; but not for a great while. In a very few minutes he drew near again, and informed the youth that the by-path was upon his left hand. A step or two more, and Elroy stopped, with Darwood by his side. Tramp, tramp, tramp, moved the column; and when it had become indistinct in the gloom, the two freed men slipped away into the cross-path, and were soon hurrying on as fast as the darkness and the nature of the way would allow. On they sped, and at the distance of a mile they came to the great road, where they stopped a few moments to take breath. Until now they had not spoken a word since they left the company of the bailiff, as their whole attention had been given to picking their way along the narrow, dubious path.

"Darwood, who is that man?"

"Where?" returned Darward, with a start.

"O—I don't mean here. I mean, that man who set us at liberty."

"I'm sure I cannot tell you. I could not see his face. Did you not know him?"

"No. I have not the least idea who he was."

"Well, we may safely set it down that he is our friend, and, if he keeps his promise, we may ere long know more of him. But come—we had better be moving. The cot is not far off. I think I can find it."

"I know where it is," said Elroy, starting on as he spoke.

It was only down the road a little way—then to the left—then over a broad meadow—and around the spur of a hill, and the old cottage was at hand. They had just reached the gate-way—the gate itself having long since rotted and sunk away—when they heard the tramp of a horse. It might be their friend, and it might be one of their enemies. At all events, they concluded to be on the safe side, so they concealed themselves behind a clump of buckthorn, where they remained until the horseman came up. He rode directly to the door of the cot, and thumped upon it with the pommel of his sword. Presently the door was heard to open, and a man's voice asked who was there.

"It is all right, Luke. Have they come?"

"No," replied the man who had been thus addressed.

"Can they have missed the way?"

"That is our friend," whispered Elroy.

"Aye," returned Darwood. "We will show ourselves."

And thereupon they hastened forth from their hiding-place, and approached their unknown friend.

"We are here, good sir," said Elroy.

"Ah!" cried the stranger, turning quickly in his saddle, "that is good. But we have no time to lose. You must be mounted and off as quickly as possible. Bring the horses, Luke, and let us be out of this."

The man who had stood in the doorway went around behind the cot, and while he was gone, Elroy asked if the bailiff had discovered their absence.

"He may have discovered it by this time," replied the stranger. "I'm afraid that he discovered when I left, for I thought I heard horses coming back. But I do not think they found the path we took. If any of the troopers started in pursuit of me, they probably kept right on over the road by which they had come. But still we must move as though they were directly upon our heels."

But whither were they to go? Elroy and Darwood were both in a maze of strange anxiety. They had no doubt of the strategetical guardsman's good faith, but still, like men moving in pitchy darkness, they had more than a curiosity to know whither they were being led, aye, and by whom, too.

"Trust me," said the incognito, "and all shall come out well. Here are the horses. Mount as quickly as possible, and follow me. Our road is a clear and direct one for some distance. We'll cross the Loyne at Hornby, and leave Lancaster well to our right."

There was no time for further question or remark, for the horses were at hand, and both the fugitives realized that there might be need of all possible haste, so they climbed into the saddles, and were soon ready to set forth.

"You will have no trouble," said the man called Luke. "Just let your horses have the bit, and they will follow me full as safely as mortal hand can guide them."

"All ready?"

"All ready!"

"Then here we go!"

A careful trot over the meadow, and when they struck the high road, the horses set into an easy, gliding gallop. Hornby was reached in less than an hour, and Luke went ahead to see if all was safe. All was right, and they pushed on. In less than another hour they had reached the Lancaster and Whitewell cross-road, and in half an hour more they crossed the great mail route just below Hollings.

As the day was breaking, and the first gray streaks of morning were taking a warmer tint, the broad turrets of a stout old castellated structure were visible through the trees. Elroy saw them, and his heart bounded with an impulse that for the moment shortened his breath. They were ascending a gentle slope by a broad, gravelled track, and the horses had come to a walk.

"Do you know this place?" the youth whispered, to his companion.

"Aye. Don't you know it?"

"It must be Farworth."

"It is."

And so it was. And, in a few minutes more, they had stopped before a porch in the rear of the Hall, where their guide dismounted, and bade them to do the same. Without question they obeyed, and were immediately afterwards conducted into a comfortable apartment, where their strange friend appeared before them for the first time with light upon his countenance—for the day had now fairly broken.

"How now, Elroy Clifton," he said, with a smile. "Must I wash this stain from my beard and hair, or can you see through the disguise?"

Surely there was no trouble, now that the hat was removed, and the man stood forth with that gleam of humanity upon his brow. The darkness of the beard and hair, or the uncouth garb of the trooper, could not hide him longer.

"Thou art **Silverthorne**," said Elroy.

"Aye—thou knowest me now. But let me go and wash this unseemly stain from my face and hair, and I will then return. In the meantime I will send you some refreshment."

In a little while after the old man went out a servant entered, bearing a tray upon which were bread and wine, with pastry and cold meat. This he set down, and then withdrew, without speaking.

If our hero had been puzzled before he knew who his mysterious friend was, he was far more puzzled now. He turned to his companion, and asked him what he thought of it. Darwood looked hard into the youth's face, and shook his head.

"What do you think?" Elroy repeated.

"What do you think?" was Darwood's response.

"I know not what to think. I know that old Silverthorne has saved us; but what can we be to him?"

"Perhaps," said Darwood, significantly, "the friend of his friend!"

"How mean you?"

"Are we not at Farworth?"

"Yes."

"And who is mistress here?"

Elroy trembled, but made no reply.

"Have you not imagined how it may be?" Darwood asked, after a pause.

And still no reply.

"It may be, my dear Elroy, that the Lady Lorinda, hearing of your danger, sent the old boat-builder to your rescue."

"It is not possible," the youth uttered, with his hands pressed hard upon his bosom.

"Why is it not possible? I think it perfectly proper and reasonable. If she possesses the heart which I believe she does, then she could not do otherwise. She owes you much, my boy. I may be wrong; but still such is the easiest solution I can find. However, we shall probably hear the truth when our old guide comes back."

Elroy Clifton started up, and walked across the floor, for he could not sit there and have his companion gazing him in the face. His emotions were too strong to be hidden, and too deep to be willingly betrayed. He gazed out upon the paved court, and off upon the great old trees, whose spreading tops were bathed in the glorious light of the rising sun. The night was past, and the most terrible doom that had ever hung over him had been averted. Was there any thing prophetic in this?

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

LARRABEE VS. LARRABEE.

AN EPISODE OF BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

BY CATTY B.

I made the acquaintance of the Larrabees at my boarding-house. Mr. Larrabee was burly, jolly, and seemingly good-hearted; Mrs. Larrabee was fragile, pensive, silent, and seemingly broken-hearted. The longer they remained in the boarding-house, the more jolly did Mr. Larrabee grow, and the more abundant his anecdotes, and Mrs. Larrabee's pensiveness and misery seemed to grow with equal rapidity.

The pair began at last to be talked of in the house whenever or wherever two or more of their fellow-boarders were assembled. That there was some mystery attached to them was certain, but of its nature or source none could ever form a theory, every attempted solution failing in some essential particular.

Mr. Larrabee grew more jolly. His blue-green eyes sparkled with glee. His great face grew crimson with repressed explosions of laughter Faster and more furious flowed the tide of anecdote and witticism. And, meanwhile, his wife sat by his side, pale and still, rosy rims about her sunken eyes, and a quivering movement of her pretty mouth, telling the tale of tears shed in the solitude of her room, and with difficulty repressed when stranger eyes were upon her. I began to feel sorry for her. It struck me as a little heartless that her husband should be so exceedingly merry while she was evidently suffering so much. If he really loved her as he pretended to do, it would have seemed more appropriate in him to address her with some show of sympathy, instead of with those gay epithets of endearment, which might, after all, be only words covering no true affection. I determined, if possible, to get at the true facts of the case, and fortune favored my design.

One day, as I stepped into the entry, I encountered Mrs. Larrabee dressed for the street, and evidently going out. This was so unusual an occurrence that I turned a second time to look at her. As I did so, I saw her waver, and then grasp the railing of the stair for support. I sprang to her side, and caught her fainting in my arms. My room was nearest, and I led her there. Having laid her on the sofa, I was about to ring for aid, when a faint movement of her wan hand, and an imploring expression of her eyes, arrested me, and I remained alone with her until, by the administration of such restoratives as were at hand, she became able to speak.

Her first effort was to thank me warmly for my kindness, and this was followed by a silence, which my patient at length broke by asking, with startling abruptness, if I knew what was the legal penalty if a woman married a second time, during the lifetime of her first husband.

More convinced than ever that she was insane, I replied that I knew very little of legal matters, forms, or penalties, and then tried to introduce another topic.

"But I wish to know. I must know," she interrupted, looking entreatingly in my eyes. "Pray tell me, it is very important."

A thought struck me. I confess I do like to pluck the heart out of a mystery; and in this case my sympathy was as active as my curiosity. So I said, in soothing tones, pressing the cold, trembling hand of my patient at the same time:

"Tell me why you wish to know, and I will do all I can for you. My brother, Mr. B., is an eminent counsellor, and I will go to him for any information I do not possess."

Oh, the hesitation, the tremulous dread and apprehension that swept over that poor pale face as I spoke, followed, as she gathered the full import of my words, and perhaps felt them suggest some remote hope, by a flickering smile that only seemed to light up the ravages despair had made.

"I will tell you," she said, with sudden energy "It is my last hope, and you are so kind! I was married at sixteen—induced to elope from school—to A., the celebrated author and artist. He was attracted to me as a pretty, graceful child, but he soon tired of me, after he had borne me away to Europe. There, among strangers, neglected by my husband and despised by his friends, I lived several years. But we came home at last, accompanied by a gay widow, whose acquaintance my husband had made in Florence. He was fascinated, enthralled by this siren. My friends saw it. My father and my brother interposed, and almost compelled me to obtain a divorce from him.

"That was ten years ago. Father, brother and A. (as I supposed) were all dead. I was alone, homeless, and though not poor, ill-calculated, by disposition and temperament, for the solitude and self-care of my condition. Five years ago, this was, and when I felt most desponding and lonely, I met Mr. Larrabee. He paid me great attention. His devotion grew warmer and more entire. I had disliked and shrunk from him at first, but the kindness and tenderness of his manner won me at last, and I became his wife.

"I cannot tell why he married me, unless from some such motive as causes a cat to secure her victim that she may torment it. I cannot describe my life since I have been his wife, except as one long torture. His profuse endearments, and overwhelming attentions in public, so agonizing to one of my timid temperament, are but a phase of this torture. If he takes my hand, it is to bend a joint until the pain becomes just less than insufferable. When he throws his arm about me with such an air of affectionate protection, it is that he may pinch my arm, or twist my shoulder, and the pain I suffer adds a cruel zest to the rollicking story he is telling, with such an air of genuine bonhommie, all the while.

"But if I shrink, or suffer my countenance to betray my pain, woe to me when, in the privacy of our own apartments, no eye but God's beholds my agonies, not physical ones alone, but taunts, and jeers, and cruel stabs of suspicion, that rend my very heart.

"And recently he has discovered a new mode of torture. A. is not dead, but has recently returned to this country, and Mr. Larrabee declares that, while he lives, the law makes it a crime for me to marry. That, having violated this law, he has only to betray me to its officers to have me punished with its severest penalty. I have borne this till I can bear no more. Apprehension is worse than actual suffering. I should have given myself up to-day, or disappeared forever from mortal sight. But I am too ill to go out, and—oh, tell me, dear Miss B., what can I do. I cannot live thus!"

"And you shall not, you poor, dear lamb! I'll take care of you! I'll foil that old brute and monster! I'll right your wrongs, you poor, withered flower, or my name isn't Catty B.!" I exclaimed the moment she paused. I had been bottling my wrath for this grand explosion, and now the way in which I tore open drawers and closets, and tied my bonnet-strings, and pinned my shawl, as I prepared to go out, was perfectly startling.

"I am going to my brother at once," I said. "You remain here. Lock the door after me, and do not open it for that old brute, if he comes while I am gone. I don't believe a word he says, but my brother will tell me all about the law, in a twinkling So be of good cheer. Go to sleep if you can, and be easy, for I assure you—and I mean what I say—Catty B. will take care of you."

In an hour and a half I was back again, and knocking at my own door.

"Open, little, one," I called in my cheeriest tones; "I bring good tidings."

Mrs. Larrabee's face, bright with expectancy, greeted me as I entered. I had a long story to tell, and it ended thus:

"You see, dear Mrs. Larrabee, that you had a perfect legal right to marry, since you obtained the divorce while A. had not. He has married, and *he* could be placed in the State Prison for the offence, not you. While your brutal tyrant is in the same condition, and here are the proofs, just as my brother had them taken down from the lips of the witnesses, when he was referee in the case of "Larrabee against Larrabee," just eight years ago. Here is the record of judgment, too; so you have all the evidence necessary to put down that awful man, who requires the process more than any one I ever knew Show your power over him, now, and maintain it and if he doesn't behave himself, put him where he'll be obliged to. That's the advice of Catty B."

Mrs. Larrabee took my advice, and gave me profusest thanks. There was a terrible storm in the Larrabee apartments that night, but right triumphed, as it could not fail to do in such a case.

Mr. Larrabee was more subdued, though not less affectionate, in his manner toward his wife (not as a cloak to pinches and joint-tortures as I took care to ascertain) during the few days they remained at our boarding-house. They flitted soon; but I find that Mrs. Larrabee has plucked up spirit, and that her spouse, being in fear that his own weapons will be turned against him, conducts himself in the most exemplary manner, both in private and in public, and that he is much admired in the boarding-house to which he at present lends the light of his countenance.

So ends my little episode of boarding-house life.

* * *

Take care always to form your establishment so much within your income, as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year in any man's life, in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage.

MORNING AND EVENING.

[*From the Private Drawer of a Newspaper Politician.*]

BY G. B. WALLIS.

I sing two beauteous sisters,
Whom I can ne'er forget:
One is the Morning bright and rare,
With eyes of blue and features fair,
In golden ringlets set.
Sweet as a dawn in June, she glows
In beauty, like the morning rose.

Sings she of Love's sweet memories,
Which brighten while they last—
They come, in all their rainbow beams,
And glowing hopes, and golden dreams,
And sunlight of the past,—
While gazing in her liquid eyes,
Soft as the glow of Southern skies.

The dark-eyed younger sister
Is like a Summer's even,
When we forget our earth-born jars,
In gazing on the inviting stars,
Along the walks of Heaven.
And still to me her eyes reveal
Something which she would fain conceal,—

A dream of Love's Elysium,
A joy with such sweet powers
Of life as summer nights infuse,
Descending with their freshening dews
Among the fainting flowers.
And yet, I think, how can it be
That life has such a joy for me?

A mountain lake revealing,
Its beauties to the sun—
Its bordering vines and blooming trees,
Its bright face dimpled in the breeze,
Is fair to look upon;
And yet, by moonlight, I have been
Much more enamored of the scene.

The morning lake, all gladness,
Is Ella, bright and true,
But the moonlit shore, where the fairies dance,
Becomes the realm of Love's romance
With Bella in the view,
Shrinking close to my side, from fear
Of unseen dangers lurking near.

But the blue-eyed morning beauty
Betrays the wish to tell
That which mild Evening should confess,
But which I never may possess,
From dark-eyed Isabel:
So goes the pilgrim, unconfess'd,
From morn to even, a passing guest,
Life's but a day, and then we rest.

THE MONKEY ROBBERS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

A small party of us met at the house of a friend, and, after touching on various topics, we gradually glided into the story line, when a gentleman, who had lately returned from a visit to South America, related the following curious incident, which he declared was true in every particular:

"The first land I set foot on in South America (said the narrator) was in the town of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. On entering a foreign country for the first time, there are a thousand novel and curious things to arrest the eye and fix the attention of the stranger, which he becomes so accustomed to after even a short residence as to forget to notice; and if he does not from the very first make a note of all he sees, he can never afterward convey a true impression thereof to another.

"The harbor of Rio Janeiro, I may say, *en passant*, is one of the finest and most magnificent in the world; and with the sun of a cloudless summer morning streaming over the glassy waters of the bay, and revealing in bold relief the multitude of vessels, of all nations, either riding at anchor or floating dreamily to and fro, with their variously-colored flags, penants and signals drooping from their tapering spars; the flash and smoke and heavy booming of cannon, fired in salute of some distinguished stranger; the hundreds of boats carrying passengers in all directions, and rowed by half-naked negroes, whose ebony persons strongly contrast with their white burdens; the well-built city nestled among gently-sloping hills of green, whose summits are crowned with convents and churches; the sharp peaks of mountains stretching upward into the very sky and shutting in the whole—with all this living panorama, taken in with one clear sweep of the eye, the scene becomes one of the most grand and picturesquely beautiful to be found upon the globe.

"On passing up the Rua Direita, the principal street of the town, I was struck with the marked difference between the three classes of negroes which I met on the way. The first were well-dressed and well-behaved citizens, employed as traders and peddlers—the second were soldiers of no very inferior order—and the third were mere beasts of burden, almost naked, filthy, and wretched in the extreme.

"It was my intention, as soon as I could provide myself with a horse, mules and guide, to make a journey into the interior; and while engaged with my preparations, I was accosted by a mulatto, in something like a sailor dress, with a small, neat box strapped under his left arm, who inquired if I would not honor him by a purchase of some rare jewels.

"'I wish nothing to-day,' I replied.

"'Your worship will at least look before you decide,' he rejoined, at once opening his box and displaying a small but very costly collection of diamonds, rubies, and other gems, set in devices of gold that showed they were not of modern manufacture. 'Your honor is a gentleman,' he continued, eying me closely, 'and therefore a judge, and will not have to be told when you get a good bargain. If you do not wish to make money when you can, you are different from all others of your nation I ever met. Permit me to say, sir, that this is a diamond of the first water;' and he held up a rare stone in a very antique setting.

"'The price?' said I, carelessly.

"He named a sum that made me suspicious. If the diamond was genuine, it was too little; if an imitation, it was too much. This I at once expressed in so many words.

"'Well,' he replied, 'the diamond is genuine—of that you need have no fear—for the rest, do as you think best about purchasing it.'

"On this I examined the gem closely, and, considering myself a pretty good judge, soon came to the conclusion that whoever should purchase it at the sum named would get a bargain indeed.

"'If I could only be sure it was honestly obtained!' said I, with some hesitation, looking him steadily in the eye.

"'Senhor,' he answered, without quailing in the least, 'if you were to purchase this of a lapidary, he would add a handsome profit to the first cost, and that profit would exactly make the difference between my price and what you think it is worth. The whole secret of my trade is, that these jewels belong to a nobleman, my master, who desires to turn them into ready money at a little something more than he could get by disposing of them to any professional jeweler, in this town. In your country you could sell that diamond for more than I ask for it—here you could not get quite as much. Are you satisfied, or shall I close my box, and seek a more speculative purchaser?'

"I considered a few minutes, still examining the stone carefully, and then, as I really did want the diamond, and could spare the amount without inconvenience, I ventured to offer a sum below the price named.

"'No, Senhor!' he said, positively, returning the diamond to his box, closing it abruptly, and walking away with an offended air.

"Feeling satisfied from this that he had told me the truth, I called him back and handed him the required amount, and then, carefully rolling the jewel in cotton, placing it in one end of a red silk purse, and depositing the whole in a side pocket, I went about my business.

"In the course of a couple of days I had completed all my arrangements for my interior journey, and well mounted on a good horse, with a mule for my luggage and another for my guide, I took leave of the town on the third morning, and set out along the coast, which we travelled for several leagues, and then turned off into a wild, mountainous region, in which there were but few inhabitants, and which gradually grew scarcer as we proceeded.

"I doubt not, gentlemen, I could interest you with the various incidents of that journey; but as it is my intention to detail only one, with its curious connections, I will confine myself to that. Suffice it then to say that after travelling for three days, I found myself in the very heart of a deep-tangled Brazilian forest, which had probably been unmolested for centuries, and where the thick foliage of the tall trees, interlaced with rank vines and creepers, formed so dense a canopy over our heads as to completely shut out the sunshine, and give all below the sombre hue of twilight. There was no clear path through this labyrinth, and the further we went, the worse it became, until at last we found ourselves in the centre of a deep, wild glen, and in a thicket so tangled that it seemed impossible for us to force our way through.

"My guide now came to a halt, and after seeming to consider seriously for a few moments, he turned to me, with an expression of uneasiness and chagrin depicted on his swarthy face, and said, in a tone of deep humiliation:

"'Will your worship pardon me? By all the saints, I do believe I have lost my way!'

"He was a small, wiry fellow, of the mixed blood of the Indian, the negro, and the Portuguese, but had withal quite a pleasing and intelligent face, and, as he had come to me highly recommended, I did not for a moment mistrust him of treachery.

"'It is a great pity,' I said, 'for I am in a hurry to get to the mines of San Jose; but I suppose it is rather your misfortune than your fault, and that by going back to the path we have missed we can soon retrieve our error."

"'Yes, Senhor—yes—and you are very kind not to blame me! Let us turn off to the left, and get clear of this thicket, and then I will soon set matters right again.'

"In half an hour we had reached the foot of a rocky ravine, where the thicket ended, and above which stretched upward some of the tallest trees I had ever seen. The spot was wild and gloomy, but less dark and dismal than some we had passed through.

"'Remain here a few minutes with the animals, Senhor, and I will soon discover the best way out of our perplexity.'

"Saying this, and without stopping for a reply, the guide darted away, and was quickly out of sight, leaving me to await his return with what patience I might. Tired of riding, I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree, and began to walk slowly up and down in front of the mules.

"While thus occupied, my attention was arrested by a loud chattering and rustling among the branches of a tree over my head; and on looking up in some alarm, I was both relieved and amused to discover a group of some five or six monkeys arranged along the lower limb, some fifteen feet above the ground, and evidently berating me in true monkey language for intruding upon their domain. I had been told the day before by my guide that we should soon pass through a forest inhabited by parrots and monkeys; but these were the first of the animals I had seen, and the birds had not yet made their appearance.

"One of the group now above me was an old, grave, gray-headed fellow, who sat a little apart from the others, as if he might be the patriarch of the family, and who, with a serio-comic air truly laughable, looked alternately at me and at his grinning, grimacing, gamboling, and scolding companions, as though he were deciding in his own mind how far they might venture with impunity.

"Seeing I suppose nothing hostile in my appearance, he at length began to favor me with a few wry faces of his own, that caused me to laugh aloud, at which he seemed greatly pleased; and after strutting to and fro a few times, he cuffed the others aside as he came to them, advanced to the trunk of the tree, and slowly descended to the ground, watching me closely all the time.

"At this moment the guide came hurrying back, and said he had discovered his mistake, which could be easily rectified, and that, saving my detention, it had proved fortunate to him, as he had found on the way what he believed to be a jewel of considerable value. At this, to my great surprise, he showed me a diamond, in an antique setting, that I instantly and unhesitatingly pronounced to be my own, the very one I had purchased in Rio Janeiro from the mulatto peddler.

"I placed it for safe keeping in a red silk purse,' said I; 'this very purse,' I added, drawing the article from my pocket; 'and how it could have fallen out is more then I can understand.'

"'Perhaps it did not—perhaps you have yours yet, Senhor!' answered the guide.

"'It seems to be here, sure enough!' I rejoined, as I drew out the cotton in which I had so carefully wrapped it. 'Good heavens! it is here, and the exact counterpart of yours!' I exclaimed, as I opened the cotton and displayed the jewel. 'Well, this is certainly very strange, that you should find one in the woods so exactly resembling mine!"

"We compared them, and it would have been impossible for a casual observer to detect any difference.

"'You are certainly very fortunate!' I continued; 'that stone is of sufficient value to make you comfortable for many a day; and for your sake, I am glad this mistake happened.'

"'Your worship is very kind,' replied the fellow, with a humble bow, 'and I will not forget to be grateful. I really need all this will bring me for my poor family. Shall we set off again, Senhor?"

"I assented; and again wrapping up my purchase, I was about returning it to my purse, when the old monkey, who meantime had approached me unnoticed, suddenly made a vigorous spring forward, snatched the gem from my hand, and bounded away with a wild scream.

"Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, he had ascended the tree to his companions, who all began to dance and chatter with evident delight; and then, as I hurriedly drew my pistol, they all leaped from limb to limb, and ran shrieking and screaming away into the dark forest. In my impotent rage, I fired in the direction they had fled, and something like a mocking laugh came back to me; but I am satisfied I did none of them any damage.

"As it was impossible to pursue them, I was obliged to pocket my chagrin and loss instead of the jewel; but I reloaded my weapon, with a vow that I would shoot the next monkey which might come within range; and I kept my word, killing one that very day and two the next—though, unfortunately, the whole three were innocent of the robbery.

"The guide seemed very sory for my loss, and condoled with me not a little. We went back to the right path, and did not lose our way again. I pressed forward to my journey's end, and subsequently returned to Rio Janeiro in safety, after an absence of several months.

"But the sequel, my friends, is not the least curious part of the whole affair. After my return to the capitol, I chanced one day to mention my adventure to a gentleman who had travelled over the same route, when, in a tone of surprise, and to my utter astonishment, he declared the very same incident had happened to himself. We compared facts, and immediately became satisfied that there was a regular system of robbery carried on by means of trained monkeys, the peddler and the guide being the main parties to the felony and dividing the spoils. We forthwith acquainted the authorities with our suspicions, detectives were set to work, and both were finally caught, tried, convicted, and sentenced.

"I have heard of many ingenious devices (concluded the narrator) by which American thieves and swindlers manage to fleece their sharp-sighted, though honest countrymen; but if you are not prepared to admit that these Brazilian rascals were entitled to an equality, if not precedence, in such matters, I am willing to go down one."

THREE AT A SHOT.

A STORY BY A MOTHER OF THE REVOLUTION.

This ugly mark (said old Mrs. Horn, unpinning her snow-white neckkerchief, and calling attention to a broard scar reaching one-third round the right side of her neck,) I have carried almost seventy years. It is the track of a musket ball from a British soldier's gun. You young folks have all heard or read of the dreadful times we exprienced down in the Mohawk country, when that blood-thirsty miscreant, John Butler, with his Tories and Indians, made those beautiful valleys scenes of bloodshed and desolation.

I was quite a girl then—in my twelfth year, and can recall the terrible events of that unhappy year with perfect distinctness. They were well calculated to make a lasting impression upon the tender and susceptible heart of a child like me.

When those wretches commenced their work of death and rapine in the upper settlements of the Mohawk, the people living along the valley of Schoharie Creek, expecting that their own neighborhood would not be exempted from their visitation, immediately assembled and erected picketed enclosures and block-houses for the protection of their families, and their most valuable stock. There were several of these log forts, at convenient distances, on each side of the stream.

The block-house in our immediate neighborhood was the last that was built; and scarcely had it been completed, and a small store of provisions conveyed to it, than the valley was alarmed by mounted messengers, who gallopped up the creek, with the terrible report that the Tories and their Indian allies were approaching down the Mohawk, murdering the settlers, destroying their buildings and crops, and driving off their stock for the use of the British army in New York.

Our fort was the lowest on the creek, and about two or three miles distant from the nearest one, which was on the other bank. It was situated on rising ground, and overlooked a good portion of the valley for a considerable distance.

The enemy was reported close at hand, and the people hastily collecting their most valuable goods, and loading them upon wagons and horses, made good their retreat to the shelter of the strong buildings. There were about a dozen families of us in our fort; and all being safely housed, a party of young men, with my father, started to the hills, to drive in as many of our sheep and cows as could be found. They had collected a number, and were on the way to the block-house with them, when they were startled by a sudden burst of Indian yells close in their rear. Fearing for the safety of the people left at the fort, they made no attempt to save the cattle, but came, as fast as they could run, to the place. It was well they did so, for scarcely were the gates of the outer pickets closed after their admission, than we were surrounded by Tories and Brant's savages, who, approaching as near as they thought it would be prudent, raised a wild war-whoop, and with threatening gestures and signs, called our attention to the smoke and flames that began to rise from every part of our beautiful valley.

But I need not tell you of those terrible scenes; nor how, in one short day, our people found themselves suddenly deprived of the dear homes they had been years in preparing; how our stacks of grain and hay, which had just been secured, melted away in an hour; and every article of value was destroyed, while we were obliged to look on without making an effort to save them. It was a terribly trying moment, when I looked from the loop-holes of our shelter, down upon the spot where stood my own home—the most lovely and valuable in the whole valley—and saw the red flames leaping from windows and doors and roofs, while a fierce rabble of Indians and vile white men were filling the air with their exultant yells, and dancing like fiends about the burning buildings. But the most painful of all was to see the looks of despair in my dear mother's face, as she gazed upon the destruction of what she loved more than all other things next to her husband and children.

While we were gazing, through tears, upon this destruction, the enemy had collected from various parts of the valley, and were now moving stealthily under cover of the rocks and trees upon us; and soon a fire of musketry and rifle-shots were opened upon our building. Several shots entered the loop-holes of the upper room, and my father was wounded in the arm, just as he was in the act of firing his rifle at a painted savage who was creeping through the grass up the side of the hill. I had pointed out to him the approach of the Indian, and was watching the effect of his shot; and, to my satisfaction, saw him suddenly throw up his head, and then roll like a log lifeless to the bottom of the hill. We afterward ascertained that this man was one of our nearest neighbors, named Van Tine, who had joined Butler's cut-throats, and lest he might be recognized, had disguised himself as a Mohawk.

My father was severely wounded, so that he could no longer use his rifle; but he still encouraged the others with his voice, and continued during the attack to be of service to the young men who so bravely defended the place. Fortunately we were well supplied with ammunition, and I remember some of the women were busy reloading the rifles as fast as the men could discharge them.

Finally, after losing a number of his fellows, Butler finding he could make no impression upon our fearless defenders, called the savages off, and with threats of future vengeance, moved up the valley, to continue their hellish work of murder and ruin there.

Still, for two or three days, we could see small parties of marauders moving about the neighborhood, bearing off the plunder of our homes, and gathering up the straggling cattle and horses that the main body had overlooked. But finally, after several days more passed by, we could see nothing of them, and we congratulated ourselves with the hope that they had all withdrawn from the valley.

However, seeing none of our neighbors abroad, we did not venture to leave our shelter; and strict orders were given for no person to quit the palisaded enclosure without permission from Captain Van Dorne, whom our people had made their leader in the fort.

What with distress at our terrible losses, the sight of our burning home, the excitement of the attack, and anxiety for my father, whose wound assumed a dangerous character after the fight, my mother was thrown into a fever which for some days threatened her life.

During her delirium she continually complained of a burning thirst; and fancied that nothing but milk could assuage it. But there was not a cow in the enclosure. All we supposed had fallen into the hands of the thieving tories, and were now on their way to feed our enemies in the British camp.

My poor mother's constant ravings for milk was more than I could endure. I would gladly have risked my life to have obtained it for her. I begged Captain Van Dorne to let me go forth and search among the hills. I felt confident I should find somewhere what she so earnestly desired. I was convinced that my parent could not recover till that yearning desire had been gratified. But to all my entreaties the captain turned a deaf ear.

"No, no, my child," he would say. "There is not left in all the valley a four-footed animal. Besides, who knows how many of those murderous fiends are yet prowling about our fields, watching for more blood. You cannot venture from the fort yet. After two days more have passed, and we see no more of the tories, or redskins, we will see what can be done for your mother. But not now, child."

I had been to the captain with my useless prayer to leave the fort, when, on returning to my mother's bedside, I was met by Margaret Burch, who beckoned me to one of the loop-holes.

"See there, Mary!" said she, "what is that yonder in the edge of the woods? Is it not an Indian?"—for every object was then exaggerated into an enemy.

I looked in the direction she pointed, and to my great delight discovered it was one of our favorite cows, quietly grazing on the margin of a little brook that ran through my father's farm.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, "it is old Brownie! and now mother shall have some milk."

"But how will you get it?" asked the girl.

"I will go myself, and drive the cow to the fort," I answered.

"But they won't let you," replied Margaret.

"They can't help it," I said; "I will climb over the pickets, and when I come with the cow the sentinels will open the gate to me."

"Don't you fear the Indians?" asked Margaret.

"Indians!" I repeated; "I don't care what old Van Dorne says, I don't believe there's one in the valley! Indians or no Indians I'm going for old Brownie."

"And I'll go with you," said the brave girl; "and here comes Catherine Doxtater, and she'll go too; won't you, Kate?"

"Yes," said Catherine, after the matter had been explained to her; "yes, I'll go, I'd do anything to relieve poor Mrs. Claison."

Three minutes after this whispered conversation, we three girls had descended to the yard, and without being seen by the sentinels, dropped noislessly to the ground, on the outside of the pickets, and then started off upon the run toward the woods, where we had discovered the cow.

We reached her. The creature, whose udder was bursting with milk, was delighted to see us, and immediately started ahead of us toward the fort. We had reached within a hundred rods of the place, when we fell into a narrow path, which the cattle had made on their way from the hills to the brook. Margaret Burch was in the advance, following up after old Brownie, I was directly behind her, while Catherine Doxtater was close behind me.

We were thus hastening along as fast as the cow could be driven, when the sentinel upon the lookout on that part of the enclosure shouted to us to run for our lives, for there were two Indians in pursuit of us.

Without waiting to look behind us, we dashed past the cow, and endeavored to reach within cover of the sentinels' rifles. But before we had broke the line in which we were moving, I heard the report of a musket, and at the same instant I felt a stinging sensation upon my neck, as if I had been struck with a sharp knife. The force of the blow threw me forward, and I fell upon Margaret Burch, who was lying in the path before me.

Partly recovering my feet, I looked up, and saw that the people of the fort had been alarmed, and numbers were running towards us with their guns levelled at something apparently in our rear.

I turned my head to look, and to my horror saw the body of Catherine Doxtater lying in the path, with the hot blood spouting in a strong jet from her bosom. I was terrified at the sight, and essaying to run towards our friends, fell headlong over the motionless form of Margaret, which was also bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

These dreadful sights were more than I could endure, and finding that my own person was covered with blood, I became sick, and fainted. I knew nothing more that happened till I found myself in the fort, and surrounded by a crowd of anxious and terror-stricken faces.

When I recovered, I learned the fatal truth that my two friends had been shot dead upon the spot, by the same bullet that had wounded me. It seemed that the savages had still been lurking in the neighborhood, and had no doubt driven the cow within sight of the blockhouse, for a decoy; and when we had started her, two of the Indians followed us. When seeing that they had been perceived by the garrison, one of them, watching the opportunity when we three girls were all in range of his musket, fired upon us—for it was stated by all our friends that but one gun was fired. They were rushing up to secure our scalps, when our people came to our rescue.

Old Brownie safely reached the fort; my mother's craving longing for milk was gratified; and from that moment she began to recover, so that in a few days she was well enough to nurse me and dress my wound, which was many months in healing.

◆

PREJUDICE.—New doctrines, however true, and however beautiful, never please men of the olden school. They like to fancy that the world has been losing wisdom, instead of gaining it, ever since they were young.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A MAN proves himself fit to go higher, who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is nor yet above it.

ICARUS soared so near the sun that the tar on his wings melted, and he fell to the earth. He is the first person spoken of in history as having been tarred and feathered.

WE should so live and labor that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossom, and what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit.

A DISTINGUISHED physician recommends slippery-elm bark for the bite of a mad dog—just as if the bark could cure the bite.

DON'T examine a new book when you are in a cross mood; books shouldn't be subjected to a cross-examination.

MEN spend their lives in the service of their passions instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.

LIBERTY is the soul's right to breathe; and, when it cannot take a long breath, laws are girdled too tight.

WHEN there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, covering every black cloud with gorgeous hues.

WINK at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

DOMESTIC jars, when concealed, are half reconciled. 'Tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

WERE it not for the mortality that results from duelling, drinking and tobacco-chewing, the fools would overrun the land.

WE see it stated that "the census embraces seventeen millions of women." Who wouldn't hate to be the census?

SOME think that Victoria's crown is gold, studded with diamonds. The truth is, it is simply Queen's wear.

IF you meet a friend with a fine apple, you might ask him for a bite. If you meet a bull-dog you had better not.

THE proud have no friends: not in prosperity, for then they know nobody; not in adversity, for then nobody knows them.

THE Christian and the atheist are constanly talking of religion; the one of what he loves; the other of what he fears.

THE man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

WHEN children die, they only attain maturity in a readier way than by the tedious route of this mortal living.

WEEDING a garden is a safer business than unweeding a widow, but not half so pleasant.

WHEN the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies all is darkness.

TRUE souls are made brighter by sorrow. The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

MEN generally make way for him who is determined to push boldly past them.

EVERY hearthstone should have its cricket, and every heart its song.

THE scriptures commend the "poor in spirit," but we must not confound them with the poor-spirited.

THE man or the rifle is of little value that has no fore-sight.

JUST praise is only the payment of a debt; flattery is a present.

SOCIETY is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding.

POVERTY humbles pride. A man, when he is *short*, can hardly carry a high head.

Do your best and defy the devil to do his worst.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CHILD-THIEF in Philadelphia enticed a little girl away from her mother's door-step by giving her candies and nuts; but the child's grandmother, happening to look out of the window, saw what was going on, and hastened to the rescue of her little pet. The thief impudently claimed the child as his own, and was carrying it off in the presence of a crowd, when a policeman who understood his business fortunately came along, restored the child to its grandmother, and arrested the kidnapper.

A COUPLE of little boys living in Williamsburgh, who had caught a large rat in a trap, took it into the yard "to have some fun with it," as they said, and one of them being careless, the rat caught him by the thumb of his left hand, and bit him severely; the wound soon became inflamed, the thumb and wrist swelled frightfully, and it was feared that the poor little fellow's hand would have to be amputated.

A DRUNKEN ruffian living in Albany was recently discovered by a gentleman in the act of brutally beating his mother and sister; the gentleman interfered, when the ruffian turned upon him, beat him over the head with a bottle, and stabbed him in the neck, inflicting a dangerous wound. The villain escaped, but was subsequently arrested and lodged in jail, whence he will probably go to the Penitentiary.

A RESPECTABLE and peaceable man was stabbed, and gashed in the throat, in the streets of Philadelphia, early one evening recently, by a couple of villainous-looking ruffians, who were both arrested for the crime a few hours after; a knife was found in the belt of one, and a razor in the shoe of the other, both yet stained with the blood of their victim.

A DESPERATE robber and cut-throat was recently hung by the populace, at Omaha, Nevada Territory, for robbing and attempting to murder a woman. Just before he was strung up, he revealed the startling fact that he was the leader of an organized gang of thieves, extending from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

AN incendiary recently attempted to burn up a family in Bangor, Me., and set their house on fire for that purpose, but a little dog belonging to the mistress of the family, discovering the fire, leaped upon the bed where she was sleeping, and awakened her by barking and licking her face, and she arousing her husband, they put out the fire.

WHILE a couple of drunken comrades were indulging in maudlin sports, in a low saloon in New Orleans, one night a short time since, one of them playfully thrust his tongue into the other's mouth, when the latter (betraying the confidence which his companion reposed in him) bit it clean off.

A WOMAN claiming to be "a natural-born clairvoyant," was arrested a short time since, in St. Louis, for swindling, on the ground that she had sold what she called "luck papers," at high prices, which, on being examined, were found to contain only a few pins and needles, and an indecent and impious motto.

AS a gentleman was giving a poor woman alms in Broadway, a few days since, a thief snatched his pocket-book and fled with it at about a four-minute gait. A hue and cry being raised, the fugitive was headed off, and captured after a desperate resistance.

A SAVAGE fight took place between two of the hands employed on board of a steamer, a short distance below Portsmouth, Va., a short time ago, during which the combatants rolled overboard, and one of them, not being able to swim, was drowned.

TWO little boys, while playing at hanging, in Minnesota, a short time since, made tragical work of their sport, inasmuch as one of them got the noose so firmly fixed round his neck that he was hanged in earnest.

A "PROFESSOR of pistolry," as he calls himself, advertises, in a Western city, to enable any pupil to "wing his man" with positive certainty, after six easy lessons.

A MAN named Ezra Ames, living in Freeman, Me., recently fell from a scaffold in his barn, and striking on his head, was hurt so badly that he died in three days afterwards.

A LITTLE girl, whose parents live at Mill Brook, N. J., was recently playing with a knife, and falling to the floor, the knife blade was thrust entirely through her heart, causing instant death.

A MAN in Memphis, in attempting to shoot a woman at whom he had become enraged, missed her, but shot another woman's nose off.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum: two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ We employ no travelling agents.

ADVICE TO STRANGERS VISITING NEW YORK FOR THE FIRST TIME.

If you engage a carriage to convey you from the depot to a hotel, and the driver takes in three other passengers, and drives you five miles about the city to deliver those passengers at their several homes, it is not necessary for you to pay fare for the whole five miles. The driver may entertain a different opinion, but no matter for that. He is only entitled to fare from the depot to the hotel reckoned by the most direct route.

The best dressed men in Broadway are gamblers. Decline the advances of a man whose overcoat is calculated to strike awe into every beholder.

If a man with a remarkably fine beard, dyed of the most magnificent black, with a diamond a quarter of an inch in diameter in his cravat, approaches you with a smile, and asks fondly whether you have lost a pocket-book, answer No, and continue steadfastly on your way, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The same course is to be pursued if he says diamond ring instead of pocket-book. His object, in the first case, is to dispose of a few counterfeit notes in an old pocket-book for five dollars; in the second, of a brass ring with a piece of glass in it, for three dollars. It is a peculiarity of this gentleman that he is always on the point of leaving the city, and yet never leaves it, till his travelling expenses are paid by a grateful community.

Philosophers have remarked, and, indeed, not without reason, that a lady in an omnibus, who is showily dressed, yet wears no gloves, may be expected, if opportunity offers, to insert one of her fair hands in the pocket of an individual who sits next to her. History records that this has frequently been done.

Respecting omnibusses, it is to be observed that the strap by which passengers hold converse with the driver is not connected with the horses; and, therefore, it is not necessary, when a stout country gentleman wishes the vehicle to stop, for him to seize the strap with both hands, and perform the gymnastic feat of lifting his body to his chin by main strength. Even in the foot of an omnibus-driver there is feeling.

In crossing the street, beware of precipitation. The prospect may long be overcast, but wait, and an opening in the rush of vehicles will certainly occur.

The heart of the stranger is tender. But when, on a raw and gusty day in March, he sees a youth of fifteen winters standing barefoot on the sidewalk, holding out to the passers-by three pairs of ladies' shoe-laces, imploring him to buy the same, let him stifle compassion, and pass on with stony countenance. The benevolent visitor may be assured that that youth knows perfectly well where to find his shoes when he wants them.

On muddy days, when there are two children at each crossing spattering the mud about, and two dirty little hands are outstretched to receive the pennies of a shuddering public, moralists are of opinion that it is not essential to put a penny in each of the little dirty hands; because, if so, it would be necessary to employ a wheelbarrow to carry the requisite quantity of copper coin. The best thinkers on this subject consider that when a man has given out all the pennies and three-cent pieces he had in his pockets, the claims of justice and humanity are satisfied.

It is not every Extra or Third Edis*hin*, with important news, that requires the instantaneous perusal of the stranger. It may also be observed that the price of no evening paper exceeds three cents. What calm courage it requires in a visitor to get his evening paper at its "natural price!" Yet it can be done; nay, it has been done; and what man hath done man may do.

Ladies from the country: it is whispered that when a store-keeper announces an "awful sacrifice," he sometimes means an awful sacrifice of *your money*. We have also heard that "wet goods" are not always such as have been rescued from the briny deep, or from the raging fire. Croton, innocent Croton, the Croton in the back yard, is supposed to have some agency in producing the dampness that tempts the housekeeper in pursuit of bargains.

Those who are lured to the windows of cheap jewelry stores, should pronounce three times in a low voice these solemn words: GOLD IS WORTH MORE THAN SIXTEEN DOLLARS AN OUNCE. After that, let them enter if they will.

Finally: No matter how smart you may be considered at home, remember that there are people fully as smart as yourself in the city of New York. We have never yet seen any one in this city who was willing to give something for nothing; or, in other words, who was willing to dispose of any article, or any thing, for ten times less than its value; therefore, avoid *wonderful* bargains, no matter in what shape they may come.

◆

—W. O. Bartlett, Esq., of New York, is not a candidate for any appointment, and would not accept any. He took a leading part in the nomination of Col. Fremont, but it was more from personal friendship than anything else. Mr. Bartlett is here to attend to an important patent case. He devotes himself entirely to his profession, which is more profitable to him than any foreign mission would be.

We are pleased to see the above telegraphic dispatch from Washington in the *New York Tribune*, because we do not want "Uncle Sam" to monopolize Mr. Bartlett's services. We have, in several very important cases, retained him, as have also some of our prominent merchants with whom we are acquainted, and we do not want to be deprived of his professional services. Commodore Vanderbilt, who had employed him to argue a case before the State Department at Washington, involving several millions of dollars, once said to us that if anybody could acplish a thing Mr. Bartlett could. Our own experience coincides with that of the Commodore.

CHIVALRY REBUKED—HEROISM PUNISHED.

He who stands unresistingly by, and sees a friend suffer an assault which he is capable of opposing, is regarded, by the common consent of mankind, as guilty of the basest cowardice and meanness. If he be able-bodied and powerful, the general contempt for him is proportionably increased. If, on the other hand, the bystander is woman, little or nothing is expected of her, because she is presumed to be weak, and rather in need of protection than bound to afford it. For this very reason whatever she does is regarded as all the more heroic and praiseworthy. If the case is that of a slight and feeble woman rushing to the rescue of a man against a strong and formidable antagonist, the daring exhibited by her is considered generous and noble in the extreme.

An instance of the last-named kind occurred in Duane street in this city on the last day of the year 1860. Catharine Carr was standing beside Michael Jostin, when Roger Loftus, a savage and drunken disturber of the peace, came up and, without the slightest provocation, made a brutal assault upon Jostin. Catharine flew to the defence of Jostin, and, using the only weapon which she had, a small penknife, stabbed his assailant in the arm with that.

Did she do wrong or right? Was it an act cowardly, mean, criminal, or all self-sacrificing, chivalrous and heroic?—one for the performance of which any man, anywhere throughout the world, would be more respected and honored by his associates and acquaintances?

Of course the young girl who had done this deed would follow it up by others no less noble; so when, five days afterwards, Loftus died of erysipelas, at the hospital, and Jostin, who was under arrest, was accused of his murder, she came forward and told that it was she who inflicted the fatal wound.

Who could have done better? What woman has stood in a prouder position?

But the authorities of the law seize her; she pleads—we suppose under legal advice—Guilty of manslaughter, and the court sentence her to *two years imprisonment at Sing Sing*.

The judge adopted some queer reasoning in passing this terrible and ignominious sentence upon the young Miss, yet in her teens. He said it was because her name was Frailty that she was punished, and that, had she been the wife of Jostin, the act would have been justifiable! Our Saviour adopted a different policy. When he saw a frail woman do a good deed he did not make that the occasion for inflicting punishment for all her past transgressions. On the contrary, he found in it a cause for overlooking them, and said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven."

It is evident that Miss Carr might have continued a life of shame, indefinitely, unharmed by the law; but for one single act of the highest virtue she is doomed to a terrible retribution! This strikes us as a singular mode of encouraging virtue and discountenancing vice. O! upright judge! did not this occur to you?

Shame, if this girl is permitted to go to Sing Sing! Does the powerful government of the great State of New York wreak vengeance on the heads of young Misses for deeds which may challenge their parallels, in generous and self-sacrificing courage, in the lives of all her rulers for a century back? If Sing Sing were to be filled exclusively for acts of this character, the State Prison uniform would soon become a mark of prouder distinction than the Bishop's lawn or the Judge's gown.

◆

GRUMBLING MAN.

"Man," says the poet, "was made to mourn." Perhaps it would have been nearer the mark to say, "man is born to grumble." The moment he gets into the world he expresses his dissatisfaction with its general arrangements by a fretful wail. From babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, he is a fault-finding animal, and as he goes down the hill of life, his temper, as a general thing, does not improve. To this presentment of the case there are, of course, many amiable exceptions. If the ladies wish it, and think in their consciences that they do not come within the category of grumblers, why, for the sake of the blessed sunshine they make in the world's dark places, we will except them altogether. But we men are certainly a hard-to-please, unthankful set, and the supreme luxury of our crabbedness is to grumble without stint at all times. If there ever was a "business season" with which everybody was satisfied, it must have been immediately after the Flood, when there was no competition, and the recent narrow escape of the human family from destruction, disposed the hearts of its members to forbearance and content. All history tells one story:

"Man never *is* but always *to be* blest."

◆

BITS OF GREEN.

Sheridan, and "the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George," once made a bet as to who would see most cats in the windows while passing through a certain street in London. Cats love the sunshine, and Sheridan, taking the bright side of the thoroughfare, won the bet. A wager between two persons as to who should find the greater number of kindly and gentle hearts among the squalid abodes of poverty, might be won by the shrewder of the two in an equally simple way. He would only have to choose his subjects from the damp basements and miserable garrets that displayed a bit of green at the window—no matter if it were only a sickly geranium or a meagre rosebush, past hope of bud or blossom, leaning to the light from a spoutless teapot or a handleless jug. There are drops of the milk of human kindness in all hearts that warm to the beautiful in nature. Be sure of it that the love of plants and flowers never co-existed with utter, irreclaimable depravity.

◆

LETTERS ABOUT OUR STORIES.

WAUSEON, Ohio, March 27th, 1861.

MR. BONNER, *Editor New York Ledger*:—I have always admired the style of Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie's writings. Her last story, just completed in the LEDGER of this week, is a very excellent one. Indeed, I have never read a story with more delight and admiration than I read the "MUTE SINGER." So attractive to me is her style of writing, that I have named my little daughter, of a few months old, CORA, after the name of Mrs. Ritchie, of which I desire to inform her.

Yours, &c., MRS. M. ELIZA NEWCOMER.

NORFOLK, VA., *April 2d*, 1861.

MR. BONNER—*Sir*:—I and my family have been so much interested in the story called "THE HARLOW ESTATE," that I am impelled to write to you and let you know how pleased we are with it. Its interest is perfectly *irresistible*, and we all await the weekly visit of the LEDGER with great impatience, so as to see how that dear Evelyn and her darling Herbert are getting along. How I do *hate* that popinjay of a Sitterly, and I hate Blass and Rook almost as much. I suppose there are just suct men in New York and other large cities. Down here we'd lynch such fellows. OLD DOMINION.

◆

A PLEA FOR THE "LITTLE MEN."—"Why, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper cents no readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

◆

A MISSOURI paper says that in one of the largest towns in that State the sad spectacle was recently seen of a father carrying his famishing infant behind its drunken mother, who went reeling through the streets, babbling idiotically, until she was arrested by the police, and shut from the gaze of the horrified public.

UNSCRUPULOUS AUTHORS.

There comes a time when the period for promiscuous reading is over, and you take up a volume fastidiously, as you choose a friend, and only when you know the author's name to be good endorsement for the time consumed in the perusal of his book. After having given yourself up to him to do what he will with you, to make you laugh or to make you cry; to make you glad or make you sorry; to make you at peace with your fellows, or to make you turn away disgusted from them;—after all this, for him to lift you up in the seventh heaven, only to drop you flop into a new made grave, is unkind, to say the least. If it were *necessary*, you could forgive it; if, in the last flagrant instance of this kind, the writer could not just as well have cured the melancholy of a young girl by love and sympathy, as to have killed her off merely because she had become troublesome, and he didn't know what else to do with her, one might overlook it. Parents who bring interesting children into the world only to strangle them, when one is used to their pretty ways, stand a chance to be introduced to the gallows for taking such a liberty—why not authors? In a stupid book, of course, one don't care who dies; the author may outrage the probabilities to his heart's content; nobody loses a wink of sleep by it, except some green boarding-school girl, who, heaven help her, ought to be bottling up her tears for her own sorrows, which she will be safe enough to have whenever she outgrows pinafores, and becomes a woman. As I said, stupid authors may do what they like with their heroines, and stupid people may cry over their fate, if their handkerchiefs are handy, and it may be very well for a "literary doctor" to kill off young people in his books from sheer force of habit; we are not going to cry about it, but next time he writes a story, we protest against his introducing us to interesting people, merely to use them for a thread to string medical and theological theories upon. Nor are we about to give the culprit the gratuitous benefit of an advertisement by naming him. What we want to know is, if it is not high time authors had done with these "Yelverton" consciences, and taken a little humanity into consideration, while making their "plots?" We are tired, too, of the piled-up horrors with which some novelists bait for readers. Anybody can introduce a ghost or a bloody head; it takes *genius*, and that of the very highest order, to make what are called "common-place" events and persons interesting. Therefore, when we hear a person say of a book which has enchained thousands, "the plot is nothing, I don't see how or why it is so popular," we simply set him or her down for a goose. We could name writers, who, without a thrilling "plot," can invest chapter after chapter with such a fascination, that your soul, like an instrument in the hands of a skilful player, makes echo as they will. It were well if such authors considered their terrible responsibility for good or ill. FANNY FERN.

◆

SPRING THOUGHTS

"City gardens!" exclaim our country friends, derisively—"*City* gardens!" They are not all wrong in laughing occasionally at our abortive attempts, so praiseworthy in design, so faulty in execution. A few pots, sunk in front of some basement window, in a handful or two of earth, some balmy spring day, looking fresh and pretty for a day or two, while the blossoms last, *i. e.*, if the children do not pluck them as they pass. But come in a week, and where is the city garden? A few dried stalks and the rim of the flower-pot alone remains. The little tuft of violets even, that looked so fresh and spring-like when transplanted from the hot-house, have dwindled away, and hid themselves in the grass, as if they knew their glory had departed. But, sandy and thin as is the city soil for these experiments, we always hail the *desire* thus to beautify home and life, as a token that the fretting cares of every day have still left *something* of youthful feeling even in the breast of the hurried man of business. FANNY FERN.

◆

RICHMOND, VA., *March 23rd*, 1861.

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir*:—Being a lady that delights in the marvellous and curious, and fond of riddles and enigmas, and such like, I have at last come across one that baffles me, and which I would like to know the solution of. I thought if there were any one that could tell it, it would be yourself. Here is

THE ENIGMA:

The lightest and the softest thing
That floats upon the zephyr's wing,
I move, with unresisting ease,
Before the breath of every breeze.
With power resistless and sublime,
I sweep along from clime to clime
And I defy all earthly force
To intercept me in my course.
A favorite guest with all the fair,
I play with beauty's twisted hair;
And harmless as the gentle dove,
I share the couch of happy love.
'Tis mine to hurl the bolts of fate,
That overwhelm the guilty great,
I wield the giant arm that brings
Dismay and death on tyrant kings
No throb of passion ever pressed
The vacant chambers of my breast;
And no desire nor dream of care
Could ever gain admittance there.
With passion's various fires I burn,
And all, as each prevails in turn,
With equal rage incessant roll
Their boiling currents through my soul
In Folly's lap I had my birth,
The simplest creature on the earth
At Folly's bosom I was nursed,
And am as simple as at first.
The wisest own that I am wiser,
And sages make me their adviser,
The great demand my prudent care
To aid them in their state affairs.
I boast but little outward grace,
For frequent stains deform my face,
And when I bathe, though strange it seems,
I seek from choice the foulest streams.
I soar to fields of liquid light
Where rainbows glow and stars are bright,
I sun me at their spotless fires,
And sport amid the heavenly choirs.
The nameless being of a day
I barely am, and pass away,
Nor leave a trace behind, to be
The record of my history.
No chance or change has power enough
To harm my life's perennial stuff,
For I have built my throne sublime
Upon the wreck of conquered—Time.

I have thought it was *Electricity*, but I cannot make that suit every verse. You perceive that they are very contradictory to each other.

MRS. M. A. H.

[We submit this "Enigma" to our readers, for solution.—ED. LEDGER.]

◆

THE OIL FEVER.—The coal oil excitement bids fair to rival the California gold mania. All western Pennsylvania seems to be on tap, *six thousand* wells having been sunk in that region alone. N. B.—Only about three or four hundred of them *pay!*

◆

THE habit of resolving without acting is worse for us than never resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connection between thought and deed.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

Yes, puffing ranks as an art—a *fine* art—and many of its professors, at the expense of such small matters as honor, conscience and self-respect, manage to render its practice lucrative. Like all other arts, it is in a state of progress. The puff direct has fallen into contempt. It is considered by the critics inartistic, vulgar, and comparatively useless. The public can no longer be cajoled by it, and a more occult and plausible species of jugglery is therefore necessary. Hence the common-place literalists of the profession—fellows who betray the animus of their lucubrations in every line—are not much in request, and like the crossing-sweeper who was despised by his confreres because he was unequal to the fancy work around the lamp-posts and hydrants, they receive the cold shoulder from the more skillful and ingenious members of the craft.

The strategies resorted to by accomplished puffers to advance their patrons' interests are innumerable, and new ones are adopted every day. Let no mortal, however sharp his wits, fancy that he is proof against them all. Editors and publishers, whose business it is to be on their guard against these snakes in the grass, are occasionally bitten. An interesting article of a column or so in length is sometimes the medium of a puff so exquisitely conceived, and so artistically introduced, that the Father of Fibs might for a moment doubt the identity of his own offspring. The vigilant supervision exercised over the LEDGER has hitherto, it is believed, preserved its columns from the contamination of such articles; but its vast circulation and reputation for integrity of purpose have of course rendered it a shining mark for the Artful Dodgers of Puffdom, and we often feel it a duty to reject well written contributions on subjects of public interest, which, but for a selfish taint, only distinguishable under the keenest scrutiny, we should cheerfully publish.

It may be safely asserted that there is scarcely a profession or business in the civilized world which does not receive, in some shape or other, assistance from the press. Much of this assistance is legitimate and disinterested, but much of it is not, and therefore an evil. Dumas and other French novelists introduce fashionable tradesmen's names into their books for "a consideration in hand paid." *Feuilletons* appear in the French papers which are neither more nor less than ingenious advertisements. Stock market reports in all countries sometimes represent the special views of munificent speculators, and not unfrequently the interests of the reporters themselves.

Bubble mines take a solid shape and a golden hue under the head of "special correspondence," and in elaborate and insinuating editorials. Moonshine cities and impossible railroads loom grandly and temptingly in the distance, evoked by the magic pens of "gentlemen of the press." Statesmen are levered up and pinned down with the same potent instruments. Scoundrels are engineered into office, injustice and villainy made to look lamb-like, all Wrongs whitewashed and all Rights assailed by the mercenaries "in foolscap uniforms turned up with ink," who are too often permitted to prostitute the institution designed for the diffusion of truth, to the purposes of fraud and falsehood.

◆

THE GREAT STREET CLEANING FIRM.

Do you know this firm? They have no connection with the corporation—never bid for contracts—but do an immense amount of public work. There are three of them, reader, at your service—Messrs. Rain, Sun and Wind. Sun would naturally seem to be the head of the concern, but we have put down the names of the members in the sequence in which they operate. Rain, finding the streets in a horrible condition, partially cleans them; but being unable to carry off all the filth, is compelled to leave a plastic deposit behind. Sun then comes out and dries the same, and this process completed, thousands of hoofs and wheels reduce it to an impalpable powder. Wind follows with a powerful invisible broom, and transfers this powder from the earth to the air—now driving it along in blinding surges, now whirling it in atmospheric maelstroms, and now converting it into revolving pyramids, that waltz about the squares, and polk in the thoroughfares, like gigantic "Dustafinas" run mad. Finally, Wind, if in a cheerful and persevering mood, dances most of the dust off the carriage ways and sidewalks; some of it going into the rivers and the bay, much of it down the throats and into the pores of the sovereign people—who sneeze but say nothing—a portion of it saturating the dry goods of both sexes, another portion passing through doors, windows, and every practicable crevice, into stores and domiciles, and the remainder retiring to the unknown bourne of the pins and the flies. Thanks to the indefatigable and unmercenary labors of the firm, our streets are generally in a *passable* condition, although there are pluvious times when some of the main channels of business are barely fordable. Of late the third mentioned member of the firm has had the principal charge, and by some unaccountable coincidence, diptheria, catarrh and influenza have been unusually prevalent.

We had nearly forgotten to say, that besides the great leading street cleaners, Messrs. Rain, Sun and Wind, there is a subordinate and inferior class of city scavengers, who are paid large sums for not fulfilling certain contracts. The least about them the better—for them.

◆

ONCE A WEEK.

Putting, for a moment, the divine obligations of the Sabbath out of the question, ought we not to retire from active business life at least as often as once a week, in order to sit in judgment upon ourselves? Men with the strongest desire to be just and honorable may, without being conscious of it at the time, deflect from the straight and narrow path of right under the insidious promptings of self-interest. The individual who withdraws from the pursuits and pleasures of the world one day in every seven, and on that day subjects his acts and motives to a rigid moral scrutiny—who, as it were, institutes for himself *a private and personal Sunday School*, making Conscience its monitor, and bringing up all his work-day doings like so many scholars to be catechised, and approved or condemned, according to their deserts—is sure to discover, and likely to amend, many serious faults, which might otherwise have become *habits*, and have obscured his good name, and perhaps in the end totally undermined his integrity. Once a week, depend upon it, is not too often for the man who *wishes* to do his duty to his *neighbor*, to stand aside from secular affairs and review the past. He can scarcely do less than this and feel assured that he is doing strict justice to his fellow men; and he certainly is not performing his duty to the God whose watchful eye is always upon his creatures, and whose unwearied arm is ever outstretched to shelter and to save, if he fails to devote so small a fraction of his time as *one day in seven*, to devout gratitude and earnest praise.

◆

—A LONG-ISLAND clergyman is shortly to be tried for poisoning a woman who died under mysterious circumstances a few months ago. It is to come up in the form of a trial for libel.

THE MAN OF TON.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

There is a manner *distingué*
That travel imparts
By its contact with nature,
Wise men and the arts,
And a knowledge of costume:—
We all must confess
The vulgar judge always
A man by his dress.

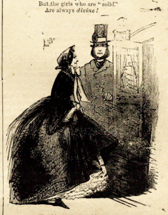
I have studied the carriage
Of those that I met
Who were quoted as models
Of court etiquette;
Have observed the refinements
And qualities rare
That produce, when united,
The elegant air.

I would gladly enlighten
The *parvenus* who,
With abundance of money,
Have nothing to do;
And who long for position,
But think it enough
To read books on good breeding,
And travel is "stuff."

I will take from my journal
Some notes that I made
While in Belgium, London,
And Paris I staid,
On the rules of politeness;
Intended to show
All the arts that are studied
By men *comme il faut*.

It has often been stated
"A word to the wise
Is as good as a sermon:"
And so I surmise
That a few observations
Will be understood
By the privileged idle,
And do them some good.

You must all that is common
And shabby eschew,
And your clothing should ever
Be perfectly new.
The acquaintance of persons
Not wealthy, decline;
But the girls who are "solid"
Are always *divine!*



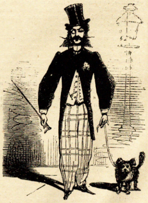
Should a stranger address you
Some comment to make,
You may answer abruptly
For dignity's sake.
You should order a servant
As one would a dog—
He will think you a *grandee*
Who travels *incog.*

You should keep in your pockets
Some bills below par,
Or on banks that are broken,
To light your cigar:
Spurn the change for the "rum"
You drink at the bar;
The attendant will wonder
What great man you are.

Should the viands be never
So charmingly dished
At your inn, you must mention
They're not what you wished.
If you say that the salads
Are clumsily dressed,
It will show you're accustomed
To none but the best

Remember, a gentleman
Always drinks wine—
Therefore order your bottle
Wherever you dine.
The respect and affection,
All ages have taught,
Of the servants, is only
By bribery bought.

You should wear a collection
Of "charms" on your chain,
And should carry a slender,
Gold-headed white cane:
And an eye glass, by muzzles
Sustained in its place,
Gives a charming and stylish
Expression of face.



To resemble in toilet
The man of the world,
Your moustache should be colored,
Pomatumed, and twirled;
But to be *the distingué*
And elegant thing,
You should lead a small poodle
Along with a string!

◆

TREMBLING OFFICE-HOLDERS.

The *Evening Post*, after commenting on the conduct of one James L. Degraw, clearance clerk of the Naval office, in this city, says, "it is worthy of remark, however, what a change of sentiment the incoming of a new administration is producing among the Democratic officials," &c., &c. The *Herald* also, in speaking of the manner in which some of the present office-holders have been "trembling themselves out of the democratic party," gives them the following sound advice:

"Look out for a better trade than politics, gentlemen; or, what would be your wisest course, pack up altogether, and go West. There is plenty of room for settlers in the new Territories of Colorado, Nevada and Dacotah."

BLOW APRIL WIND.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Oh, thou unseen spirit of air,
Blowing ringlets out of the hair,
Kissing the cheeks so red and fair
Of my sweet little maiden.
Oh, take thy cold lips from her ear,
For she is young, and should not hear
The whispered words of lovers dear
Whose hearts are heavy laden.

Blow, blow, from plenty's mellow horn,
The note that wakes the flowers at morn,
Blow into bloom the buds new born;
But sigh not like a lover.
Blow butterflies among the flowers,
Blow humming-birds into the bowers,
Blow bobolinks upon the towers
Of lilies in the clover.

But blow no "ringlets from the braid"
Of the soft hair of my sweet maid;
Nor make her gentle soul afraid
With doubt that interposes.
Blow clouds from hearts dim with despair,
Blow rain from faces sad with care,
Blow blossoms on the thorns so bare,
That life may blush with roses.

Bland April wind; thy words of balm,
Are sweet as bird-notes in the calm;
But lean not on that round white arm,
When thou art softly sighing.
Haste, haste, thou gallant wind away,
And bring thy gentle sister May,
And with her bring my wedding day—
Thy wings are bright while flying.

Why is it April often weeps,
And sighs, and sighs, but never sleeps,
With eyes of stars her vigil keeps,
Till morn her window raises?
A shadow follows every laugh,
She leans upon a blooming staff,
But May will write her epitaph,
In daffodils and daisies.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. and Mrs. Sitterly and their now valuable friend, the lawyer, who had all been so much alarmed, but whose fears were now greatly diminished, withdrew into another room and conversed for a few minutes apart.

"It's a plot!" said Blass, "and Seth Lynde is at the bottom of it."

"Most clearly so," added Frederick.

"A most transparent plot," said Mrs. Sitterly. "Strange! Strange, that human nature should be so depraved!"

"But *she* is not in it," rejoined Blass. "She is too good for that; besides, every word, and look and gesture of her's shows that she is in earnest. No actress could have gone through a part so naturally."

Frederick fully assented to this proposition, but Mrs. Sitterly did not reply.

"No, Lynde, has done it all, and I should not wonder if the old man, his father, had a hand in it. He is a deep one, and though he is generally considered honest, probably he has his price like other folks. The stake is a large one."

"But how could he be benefitted?"

"How? would not this counterfeit heir, if his claim were established, be entirely under the control of Evelyn? and does not Seth hope to make her his wife?"

"Very true."

"Probably the Lyndes might even procure the guardianship—or might get Evelyn appointed, which would be the same thing for them. Then the whole property would be in their hands—excepting your dower."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes—and we—that is to say, you, could even be held accountable for past receipts."

Mrs. Sitterly looked greatly disturbed; but replied calmly:

"Well—it is well we are on our guard in time, before——"

"Before you have made some recognition of the child which might commit you," interposed the lawyer. "You must be very careful of that."

"Never fear," said Frederick.

"I guess there is no danger of that," added the lady, laughing. "But who can this boy be? and where could they have procured him?"

"Easily enough," replied Blass promptly, who, like the Tempter at their side, stood ready to supply any *hiatus* in the resolution or courage of his companions. "There are plenty of such waifs floating around the world—orphan children—who would be willing to have an estate thrust upon them. And among the many, it could be no difficult matter to find one of the right age and size, and bearing otherwise a considerable resemblance to your lost son, especially considering the time they had to do it in—some four years."

"I suppose not."

"You must not even be surprised if the resemblance should be considerable—or even extraordinary. 'The books' are full of cases of mistaken identity, resulting from the exact likeness of people to each other. Men have been hung for such an unfortunate resemblance; whole communities have been deceived, and even a wife has been known to swear to the wrong man for her husband."

Blass was really a great comforter to his friends now; they appreciated him, and he felt his importance.

"It strikes me," said Frederick, "that Lynde has not shown any too much shrewdness in putting this boy in the keeping of his own relative. He might know that would lead to suspicion."

"Don't know There may be great depth of art there. Just what he wants to be able to say: 'Would I have been simple enough to take him to my own aunt if he had been a pretender?'"

"Oh yes—I see."

"Besides, he has needed a great deal of training, of course. No telling how long he has been in hand."

"Well," said Mrs. Sitterly, "he must be seen, and his pretensions disposed of—the sooner the better." She had really schooled herself into the belief that the boy was not Herbert; but a very strong suspicion to the contrary now and then flashed across her mind with startling force. "You and Simon must go with Evelyn and see him; and do what you can on the way to dispossess the girl of the illusion which has taken so forcible a hold of her mind—that is, if you believe——"

"I believe her to be guiltless of any complicity in this plot," said Blass, chivalrously.

"I *know* she is," added Mr. Sitterly; "I *know* Evelyn—she is weak, but not wicked."

"We shall see; I hope you are right. Go now."

The lady waved her hand unconsciously with the air of command, and her obedient subjects disappeared.

They rejoined Evelyn in the parlor, and quite delighted her with the intelligence that they were going with her at once to see the boy.

"You will be convinced when you have seen him," she said eagerly, as she fastened her bonnet, which had been laid off.

"We are convinced now, Miss Sitterly," replied her lover, as the three started off quickly together, all being influenced by Evelyn's impetuosity.

"Are you? Are you?"

"But not in the way you wish—Miss Sitterly—I am sorry to say, quite the contrary."

"I am very sorry to hear you say it," replied the young lady, mournfully. "But, then, I am sure you *must* change your mind when you see him, unless indeed——"

She was about to add impulsively, "unless you are determined not to believe," but she did not dare to say this.

Her father finished the sentence for her by saying:

"Unless, indeed, there is an entire lack of proof, which you will find is the case. It is a preposterous idea of yours, Evelyn—and we are going with you, not for the purpose of convincing ourselves of what we already very well know, but merely to undeceive you."

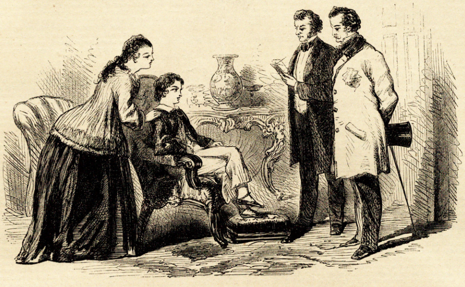
"To dispel this wild hallucination which has taken possession of your mind," added Blass.

Both spoke so gravely, and looked so earnest; they were both so very much her seniors; she was so much accustomed to regard her father's words as authoritative, that Evelyn's faith in her discovery was really staggered. She did not seriously doubt, but she began to admit to herself the *possibility* of her being deceived, and she longed to get back to Herbert to re-assure herself of his identity.

She kept silent during the remainder of their walk, which was not a long one; but her companions did not, and Blass especially grew voluble in proportion to the hopes of success which he founded on Evelyn's silence.

They arrived at Mrs. Gale's, and found that lady, with her little charge, in her parlor, impatiently awaiting the return of Miss Sitterly with her friends.

Their long delay made her very fearful that Evelyn's excitement had overcome her, or that some accident had happened to her on her way home; for she had been momentarily expecting that her house would be taken by storm by the whole Sitterly family with loud acclamations of joy.


MR. SITTERLY AND MR. BLASS INVESTIGATE HERBERT.

What was her astonishment at a scene so different from the one she had imagined!

Evelyn, indeed, who preceded her grave companions, rushed rapturously up to the beautiful boy, who, to her equal surprise and delight, was now not only neatly but elegantly apparelled, and hugged and kissed him to her heart's content.

Then, with a tearful look of thanks to Mrs. Gale, she took him by the hand and led him towards her father.

"There, pa!" she said, with a sanguine air. "There! Look! You cannot doubt him now."

What was passing through the minds of the two men at this instant it might be difficult to conjecture. Certainly, no signs of recognition, no expression of joy was perceptible upon either face.

They stood looking very calmly at the lad, Blass with folded arms, and Sitterly with his hat in one hand and a cane in the other, as if they had been very certain that there would be no occasion to give a welcoming grasp to the little stranger.

The elegant Frederick, instead of making any direct reply to his enthusiastic daughter, said to her:

"You forget yourself, my dear. You have not introduced us to Mrs. Gale."

Evelyn colored with the consciousness of a great blunder, and formally introduced the gentlemen, while the good lady protested that it was of no consequence, and she did not wonder that Miss Sitterly had forgotten it.

"Well, Evelyn," said Mr. Sitterly, "that is a very nice boy, but *really*——"

He stopped, and so did Evelyn's heart for the moment.

"Go closer to him, pa! examine him! speak to him."

"Yes, yes, all in good time; but now, as to first impressions, what do you think, Blass? Much too large to begin with."

"But he's been gone four years, pa; he must be ten years old now."

"What do you think, Simon?"

"I should say there was some resemblance," replied the lawyer, indifferently. "Such as is very often seen between children; such, in short, as might naturally strike a young lady of ardent temperament like Miss Sitterly here, in whose mind the image of her lost brother was constantly dwelling; hem!"

Mrs. Gale had looked on and listened with the air of one quite astounded; but now moved by Evelyn's wretched appearance, she spoke.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear you say so, I did not know there was any doubt about the child being yours."

"There is *no* doubt, madam," replied Sitterly, emphatically. "I am certain he is not."

"Dear! dear! How dreadful! It seems impossible she should be mistaken, and yet, of course, a father ought to know best."

"Of course, madam; that is a very sensible remark."

"A very sensible remark," echoed the lawyer.

The overawed Evelyn suppressed the words which rose to her lips—"He is only his stepfather."

The frightened lad meanwhile stood looking from one to the other of the speakers with so much embarrassment and alarm, that if he could have slipped away and run anywhere, anywhere from the eyes of those cold, cruel men, he doubtless would have done so.

"Now, then, my boy," said Sitterly, without moving a step nearer to the child, or encouraging the latter to approach him, "what do *you* say about it? What is your name?"

"Edward Weldover," replied the boy, from the force of long habit.

"Oh ho! oh ho! Edward Weldover, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not well trained," whispered Blass; "decidedly not well trained."

Evelyn had started nervously as the answer was given.

"Ask him——" she said.

"Keep still now, my dear, if you please. Where is your father, Edward?"

"He is dead, sir," said the child, faintly.

"When did he die?"

"About a year ago."

Evelyn's agony was increased at this moment by discovering that the horrid lawyer, whose tinted nose glowed with new light, had taken out a pencil and a small memorandum book, and that he was taking notes of Herbert's answers.

"And your mother—where is she?"

"I—I don't know. She went away, and I have been looking for her ever so long."

Down went the answer on Simon's tablets. Evelyn looked appealingly at the boy, who continued, greatly to her relief:

"But she wasn't my *real* mother, and Pa Weldover wasn't my real father."

"Oh ho! here comes the artificial part of the story. Well, go on. Who *was?*"

"I don't know, sir. *She* is my sister."

He pointed to Evelyn as he said this.

"How do you know *that?*" asked Blass, sharply, and with the air of counsel cross-questioning a witness.

"She told me."

"Oh, yes. Well, what else do you know about yourself?"

Herbert did not reply. He looked uneasily around—now at Evelyn, and now at the door, and seemed only anxious to get away from his questioners.

"Do not be afraid to speak, Herbert," said Evelyn, determinedly. "Tell all that you know, and all that you can remember."

"I requested you to be silent, Evelyn. Am I to be obeyed?"

"My name used to be Herbert——"

"Ah, yes—you this instant called him so," said the father; "it was a timely reminder."

——"A long time ago; Herbert Harvey, or something like that. I got lost, and couldn't find my way home; there was a tall, dark man tried to find it, ever so long, and *he* couldn't find it. Then I was sick somewhere—a great while, and Pa Weldover doctored me; and after I got well he took me home."

"And how came your name to be Edward?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Was that Doctor Weldover's name too?" asked Mrs. Gale.

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy, very quickly.

"The doctor has named him after himself, you see," added Mrs. Gale, complacently, for she thought, in her simplicity, that any increased consistency she could impart to the artless child's story, would give pleasure to her visitors.

"It seems a little remarkable," said Blass, "that everybody who might be supposed to know anything about this lad is missing. Dr. Weldover is dead, his widow has run away, and 'the tall, dark man,' like the rest of these mythical persons, is nowhere."

"Very true," replied Frederick.

"Can any one," asked the lawyer, looking at Evelyn, "expect such statements to be believed, against the direct proofs of Herbert Harlow's death, which were long since fully adjudicated upon? Even if all that the child says were true, it is but a case of slight resemblance of person and name. But when you consider how much of his impressions have been undesignedly communicated to him by Miss Sitterly herself, and again how much may have been instilled into him by other parties——"

"Ah—yes, that's it."

——"When you consider these things, I say, it is quite idle to indulge any fears—I should say any hopes—that this is your lost step-son, Mr. Sitterly."

"I can see it in no other light; and we are wasting our own, and trespassing upon this lady's time, by staying here. Let us go."

"Father! father! will nothing convince you? Are you——"

"No more, Evelyn. If you desire to discuss this subject further, we will do so after we reach home."

"And *Herbert*—what shall we do with him?"

"*Who* did you say?"

"This boy. You will surely take him home with you—at least, until this question is settled."

"Surely not. It would be——"

"Giving color to his—ah—claim," added Blass.

Evelyn's eloquent face reddened with indignation, but she did not trust herself to reply. She turned to Mrs. Gale, who anticipated her request.

"Leave him with me, of course. I will take the best of care of him; and I shall be delighted to have him stay. Besides, Seth is coming round to see him. I have been expecting him this half hour."

Sitterly and Blass exchanged significant glances.

"Oh, yes—leave him here, of course; it seems to be quite the place for him," said the step-father, laughing satirically. "Come, let us go. Good night, Mrs. Gale."

The old lady's remark about Seth had a tendency to hasten the movements of Evelyn, who quickly gave Herbert a parting kiss, whispered a few kind words to him, and bidding Mrs. Gale adieu, departed with her father and the lawyer.

The gentlemen were, or professed to be, fully confirmed in their previous opinion by the interview, and so they reported to Mrs. Sitterly on their return, greatly to the relief of that lady, to whom they related all the particulars of the examination.

She rejoiced at this, because it relieved her in a great degree from responsibility, and from any odium which might attach to her conduct in the view of those who chose to believe differently. She had promptly sent her husband and her legal adviser to see the pretended heir, and to investigate the matter, upon the first intelligence which she had received in regard to him. They had reported adversely to his claim, or rather the claim made by interested people in his behalf, and she would doubtless be compelled, however painfully, to acquiesce in the correctness of their judgment.

Such was the view of the case which was to meet the public eye, for Mrs. Sitterly by no means defied or even slighted public opinion. She exulted in the power which enabled her in some degree to control it; her friends and followers, who only required to know her views on any subject in order to be quite sure of their own, were very numerous, and many of them were themselves wealthy people, who likewise had their retainers to reflect and disseminate their sentiments. A word, a nod, a look from Mrs. Sitterly had its influence through all these loyal ranks.

Propriety, she knew, would require that she should herself see the child. The way was paved now, and she announced her intention of visiting him the very next day.

She would not, she said, abandon all hope until she had herself beheld and conversed with him; and it would be some gratification, at least, although a painful one, to see a boy who bore a resemblance to her lost son.

She even had the assurance to say all this in Evelyn's hearing, who listened wonderingly, yet, in her simplicity, hopefully to the declaration.

If she went in such a spirit, Miss Sitterly thought she must be convinced; if, going in such a spirit, she were not convinced, Evelyn would entertain a mistrust of her own senses, or perhaps a fear of her own sanity.

Blass believed that the young lady already faltered in her faith—that she had yielded in some degree to the moral force which had been brought to bear upon her agitated mind. To increase this doubt was now the prime object of the Machiavelian man, and he argued the question before her and with her in family council on that evening.

"Could you suspect such a child of such deceit?" she asked.

Blass had known many cases of extraordinary artfulness and ingenuity in even younger children.

"What could he expect to gain?"

"Money, at first, but as he obtained a better insight into your story, a home and friends. Children who are thrown on their own resources become very acute, their mental faculties are rapidly developed, and they quickly learn the power of simulated innocence and truth."

"But his name? Herbert is not a common name. What would be the chances of such a coincidence, both in name and resemblance?"

"The resemblance is far less than you imagine, and as to the name, most undoubtedly you had spoken it in your great excitement when you first addressed him, and had thus given him the clew."

The distressed girl could not say that she had not; she felt as if mighty blows were knocking away the underpinning of her gorgeous structure of hope and happiness, and she dared not listen longer to her wily antagonist.

"I cannot argue with you," she said, "and I will not. I know it is Herbert. I *know it.*"

"A more probable view of the case," persisted Blass, "is that the lad has abettors and instigators, who have begun their plan of imposing this counterfeit upon your family, by first deceiving you. He may have thus been placed in your way to solicit charity, as the most direct mode of ensuring your looking closely at him."

"Ridiculous! Could any body know that I was to pass that way?"

"Certainly not; but he was but a few blocks distant from your house, and the experiment may have been repeated for weeks or months before it proved successful. When such stakes are played for as the heirship of this great estate, is it to be supposed that any pains, or patience, or ingenuity would be spared?"

Though many answers occurred to Evelyn's mind, she would not continue the discussion, for she felt that it was useless to argue with her present companions. She believed that the necessary proofs could be found to establish Herbert's identity to the satisfaction of any honest mind. But she saw that the great question was one of property, and how far her parents, while possessing and wielding that great power, would be able to defeat the unsupported rights of a helpless child, she did not know; she feared the worst.

The unnatural conduct of Mrs. Sitterly in denying her own child, was the one thing which most astonished and puzzled Evelyn.

In so abhorrent a light did such an act appear to the innocent girl, that she was forced at times to think that her step-mother's asserted disbelief was real and sincere.

She looked, therefore, hopefully to the morrow, when mother and child should be confronted; she believed that Nature would assert her rights, and that a full recognition and acknowledgment of the tender relationship must ensue.

With such a belief she retired to rest; for such a happy consummation her racked and wearied heart sent up its solemn petitions to the Throne of all Power and the Source of all Mercy.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Evelyn awoke the next morning her first thought after a quick, thrilling review of the preceding day's events, was of Mrs. Binney.

She felt guilty that she had allowed so much time to pass without apprising her of the wonderful and joyous event, which thenceforth she felt was to be a source of mutual, if not of equal felicity to herself and her humble friend.

Long before either of her parents thought of rising, Miss Sitterly, who was accustomed to breakfasting alone, had finished her morning meal, and was on her way to the little triangular thread-and-needle store, where the pale, patient widow was already quietly seated at her knitting, awaiting the calls of customers.

Whatever had been the origin of Aunt Ally's extraordinary attachment to little Herbert Harlow, there could be no doubt of its existence, nor of the great grief which his supposed death had occasioned her.

Evelyn could entertain no doubts on this subject; and she felt far more the necessity of a gradual disclosure of her joyful news to the poor widow, than she had in imparting the same intelligence to her mother.

She came prepared with medical appliances to strengthen and restore the over-excited system; and she had speedy cause for their use, for notwithstanding her utmost caution in revealing her momentous tidings, Aunt Ally, who, like Evelyn, had always entertained a hopeful skepticism on the subject of Herbert's death—quickly suspected the truth. Her eager, passionate adjurations to Evelyn to tell the whole truth, were met with silence, yet with a repressless look of exultation in the young lady's face which could not be misunderstood.

"He lives! Thank God. He lives!" said the poor woman, and for many minutes she could say nothing more.

With such assiduity and tenderness as the fondest of mothers receives at a devoted daughter's hands, did the affectionate girl bestow her gentle ministrations upon her humble companion. She supported her in her arms, she bathed her throbbing temples—she soothed her with loving words, while her own hot tears fell freely upon the tearless but livid cheeks of her friend.

"Yes—Aunt Ally—be calm—be calm. He does live; and you shall see him as soon as you have strength."

The shock of a great joy is not of long duration; it brings its own sunshine to warm and irradiate the heart, and to set the life-springs in motion with a brisk and healthful play.

Mrs. Binney was soon in a condition to listen calmly to the details of her young friend's story, and ere she had brought it to a close, she begged that she might be allowed to go at once and see the boy.

To this Evelyn gladly assented, the more so because her testimony to her brother's identity was thus far unsupported, and she was anxious that it should receive the confirmation which she thought Aunt Ally would be sure to give. She knew it was yet far too early for Mrs. Sitterly's visit to Herbert, and they lost no time in setting out. Hurriedly and nervously the widow arrayed herself, and closed and locked her little store, and the two friends were very soon in Mrs. Gale's parlor, tremulously awaiting the entrance of the lady and child.

When they came, the recognition on the part of Aunt Ally was instantaneous and complete; but much to Evelyn's disappointment, it was not mutual.

Mrs. Binney had changed greatly; it was a long lapse of time for a child's memory to span; and this hoped link in the chain of proof was wanting.

"Are you my mother?" the child asked, with great earnestness.

Aunt Ally did not reply—she was greatly affected; but Miss Sitterly spoke for her:

"No, my dear, she is not your mother; she is your friend, who used to tell you stories, and give you cakes and apples."

"Over there in the park? Oh, yes, I remember. She told me about Jack, the Giant-killer."

"So I did, my boy; and about Little Red Riding Hood."

"Yes, yes."

The infantile mind had remembered the stories, although the narrator was forgotten.

"I know you used to be very good to me—you and Evvy, you and Evvy; I remember."

Alas, there was no similar reminiscence of her who had called him son, nor any inquiry about that stately mother.

"Do not you want to see your mother, Herbert?" asked Mrs. Gale. "She is coming this morning to see you." Evelyn had told her this.

"Is she like *him?*" he asked.

"Like whom?"

"That was here last evening."

"I do not know; something like, I guess."

"She won't like *me*, then."

"Perhaps she will; we shall see."

The interview was a long one: so many questions were to be asked and answered; and when it had terminated, and Mrs. Binney and her young friend departed, the former said, with much earnestness, and seemingly almost with a hope that the contingency to which she alluded might occur:

"If Mrs. Sitterly should continue to deny him, he will be without a home, and then—and then you will let him come and live with me; and we will be so happy!"

Evelyn said that she would like nothing better, and she was sure Herbert would be very glad to accept such an offer; but perhaps Mrs. Gale, who had been very kind to him, and seemed very fond of him, would want to keep him. She might think she had some claim.

"No, no—not like mine," said Aunt Ally, eagerly. "Pray, let us go back and speak to her about it, before she sets her heart on it."

Evelyn smiled, and said:

"No, Aunt Ally; I do not think the danger so great; I will certainly advocate your claims; but I cannot believe that mother can hold out against the sight of that child, though, to be sure, she never did seem to love him when she had him constantly at home."

Mrs. Sitterly declined her step-daughter's offer to accompany her to Mrs. Gale's. Her husband and Mr. Blass, she said, were to go with her; and it was hardly fair to overrun the lady with so much company.

At about eleven o'clock she ordered the carriage, and while it was getting ready, she dispatched a servant to the house of Mrs. Gale, to announce her intended call, and the object of it, and to see at what hour it would be convenient for that lady to see herself and friends.

The domestic who took this message, and who answered to the name of Madge, was a woman who had lived in the family at the time of Herbert's abduction, and was the only one of the numerous servants attached to the household who had ever seen Herbert. The exciting subject, which had so greatly agitated the heads of the family, had of course penetrated below stairs, and the greatest curiosity prevailed in regard to it.

Madge yielded to none in this feeling. She had an intense desire to see the boy, and form her own conclusions; but she knew too well the necessity of reflecting the views of her mistress on all important subjects, to be in any danger of promulgating opinions in conflict with that high authority.

Madge was an excellent servant, and she knew how to value a place which presented the combined attractions of light work, liberal wages, and frequent presents. That she had kept her place for half a dozen years was pretty good proof that she knew how to trim sail for the current breeze; and she was not going to risk it now by any indiscretion or unnecessary sympathy.

Mrs. Sitterly knew, too, that she was to be relied upon, and she told her she might take a look at the pretended Herbert, if she chose, giving her, however, very clearly to understand what opinion she was expected to form.

Madge delivered her message, and of course received for reply that her mistress should be quite welcome to come at any hour. She then asked if she might herself be allowed to see the child who had been so much talked of, and to this request, also, she received a ready consent.

"You can come right up into the parlor," said the lady. "There's a gentleman there with him now—my nephew, but you need not mind him."

Seth Lynde, who had heard from his aunt all the news about the recovered boy, and the controversy which was going on in regard to him, of course took the liveliest interest in the subject. He had never seen Herbert before his abduction, and he had not seen Evelyn since the great discovery · but from all that he could learn at second hand, he had very few doubts that his aunt's little guest was really Miss Sitterly's brother, although the fact was so stoutly denied by the rest of the family.

When he knew that an old servant of the Sitterly's was coming to see the boy, he was of course glad to witness the interview, and was very hopeful that it might result in a recognition.

Madge, who was a girl of forty, or thereabouts, rather stout and florid, appeared in the room in a state of some excitement, and when her eyes first rested upon the boy, she uttered an extraordinary Irish exclamation, which conveyed no intelligence to her listeners. It might have expressed astonishment, or delight, or disappointment · but whatever it was, she seemed to hold herself in check after uttering it.

'Sure now," she said, "and this is the boy they'd be after calling Herbert Harelow, is it?"

"That's the boy," said Lynde.

"It's not the like of him that I remember at all."

"Look closer," said Seth; "it's a long while since you have seen him; of course he has grown very much."

Madge advanced a few steps without removing her eyes from the boy; her manner betokened the greatest interest, and again some ejaculations, which seemed involuntary, escaped her.

"What do you say now?" asked Seth, hopeful of a more favorable reply.

"It's the misthress will know, sure, when she comes; it's not for me to say at all."

"But you think——"

"I must go now; it's a hurry I'm in."

"But——"

"Good morning, sir."

"Stop a moment, my good woman, if you please. Won't you be kind enough to tell me exactly what you think about this child?" said Seth, smiling.

"If I must tell yees, thin," said Madge, angrily, "it will be jist what I said afore: it's not Herbert Harelow at all, and ye'll not make me say it is wid all your coaxin' and smilin'——"

"I want you to speak only the truth. But will you wait till I see if the boy remembers *you?*"

"It's a hurry I'm in," and Madge departed.

Seth at once questioned Herbert, but the lad could not say that he remembered her; he thought the name sounded familiar, but there had been so many Irish domestics in the family, and they had so many characteristics in common, that he was unable to distinguish between them.

The young lawyer was much disappointed. He well knew Miss Sitterly's surpassing love for her brother, and he trembled to think of the result if she should be compelled to open her eyes to the fact that she had deceived herself in regard to his being alive. He could not avoid entertaining some fears, for it seemed to him almost impossible that a mother could consciously deny her own offspring.

"But she has not seen him yet," he said to Mrs. Gale. "I cannot think she will persist."

"Nor I; I am sure she can't. But we shall soon know, for she may be here in a few minutes."

"Yes, and I must go."

"Why should you go? Stay and see them; you are acquainted with the family."

"Only slightly. I certainly would not retreat, but I think that on such an occasion the presence of one so nearly a stranger might justly be regarded as intrusive."

Seth went, and the great folks soon after came in all due state, with their driver and footman in livery, and their mettled yet docile horses prancing as if they partook of the pride to which they ministered.

Of the meeting between mother and son it is scarcely necessary to say more than that all the hopes which Evelyn and her friends had founded upon it, were defeated. Mrs. Sitterly unflinchingly persisted in her previous views, and in so assured and decided a manner, that Mrs. Gale was almost convinced of her sincerity, and consequently of the correctness of her decision, for how, she thought, could a mother be mistaken in such a case as this?

The conference was very short; but few questions were put to Herbert, who seemed, as before, quite overawed by his visitors, and anxious to escape from them.

He certainly manifested no desire to establish the affinity; as long as Evelyn acknowledged him, he seemed indifferent to anything beyond; but for her he already manifested the greatest attachment. The broken links of that affection which had once so closely united them were already welded, and were perhaps destined to be stronger for their temporary severance.

Before the interview closed, Mrs. Gale, who did not, or would not, understand any hints which were given her to the contrary, persisted in asking a few questions on her own account. Did he remember anything about his mother, and was she like the lady before him? she inquired.

"I remember my mother, a tall lady, who wore silks and furs, and a gold watch and chain, and rode in a carriage. I don't remember about her face."

"Better trained to-day," whispered Blass to the smiling Frederick.

"There, what do you say to that, Mrs. Sitterly?"

"Nothing, madam, unless it be that here I am, with silks and furs, and a gold watch, and there is my carriage. The boy sees it all. But his story in this respect may be true. *It may be* that he is neither a deceiver, *nor a tool or a dupe of others.* There are many such ladies as he describes, and if he has such a mother, I have no doubt she would rejoice to see him. *Most assuredly he is not my son.*"

Mrs. Sitterly bent slightly to the amazed widow as she ceased speaking, and walked towards the door, whither her husband and Simon Blass, after a more ceremonious leave-taking, followed her, and in a few minutes the glittering equipage, which for a quarter of an hour had attracted the gaze of half the denizens of the block, and all the idlers in the neighborhood, drove rapidly away.

Evelyn, who anxiously awaited at home the issue of this momentous meeting, was in despair when she heard it, and observed the decisive manner in which her step-mother announced it, scornfully refusing to listen to any further discussion of the subject.

Her grief knew no bounds, but fortunately there was some decision and action required of her, which prevented the worst effects of her disappointment.

Since Herbert was denied admission to his mother's house, a home was to be found for him elsewhere, and she knew that he would be guided by her in its selection.

The eager claims of Aunt Ally could not well be rejected, even if a better abode were offered, and Miss Sitterly, who certainly desired nothing better for him than such a home of love, hastened to bear the tidings to Mrs. Binny, and to make the necessary arrangements for the change.

Though fully sympathizing with Evelyn's sorrow, Aunt Ally could not repress her exultation at the prospect of having the much loved Herbert in her own keeping, and she thanked Miss Sitterly as heartily for her decision in her favor, as if the poor disowned boy had been an object of the most eager competition by troops of loving friends.

The young lady ventured, with some hesitation, to inquire about the widow's home, which she had never yet seen, and Aunt Binny, with a little embarrassment, confessed that she had but a single poor room in an obscure street, very far from her place of business. It was not good enough for Herbert, she said, but she was able now to procure better quarters, and at a distance of less than half a mile from Miss Sitterly's abode.

She would make the change in a very few days, but she begged that she might be allowed to take Herbert immediately, in order to make sure of him. Such extraordinary earnestness did Mrs. Binny manifest, that her friend scarcely dared to remonstrate with her, or to hint at contributing towards the expenses of the child's support.

But as she was sure that for the present, at least, she would be able from her own pocket money to defray the cost which the widow so willingly assumed, she quietly acquiesced in her plans, reserving her propositions for assistance for a future day.

"Let us go then," said Aunt Ally, taking down shawl and bonnet; "we can bring him directly here, and I shall shut up shop early this afternoon."

But Evelyn, with some reluctance, opposed this speedy action. It would be better, she said, for Herbert to remain where he was until Mrs. Binney had made her contemplated change of residence, as the child would be a hindrance to her, besides being unnecessarily incommoded himself. Some tears came into Aunt Ally's eyes, but she could not help admitting the force of the objection.

"Let us at least go and tell Mrs. Gale about it then," she said, "so that she will know it is decided, and will not set her heart on keeping him. I am so afraid I shall lose him."

Evvy smiled, and they went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A different consultation, meanwhile, was held at the Sitterly mansion, the gravity of which betokened that the great lady did not consider the question fully set at rest by her imperial *ukase.*

Preposterous as she alleged the whole story to be, she said that she anticipated trouble from it. As Evelyn's earnest advocacy of the claims of the pretender gave to them their only importance, she boldly charged that her step-daughter did not believe what she asserted, and that she was in complicity with her lover, Mr. Lynde, to set up this false claim. Her repugnance to the match with Blass, and her father's recent peremptory orders on the subject of the marriage, she said, had doubtless driven her in despair, to consent to such a scheme, as the only one which offered relief. Others had prepared it, probably long before, and had urged it upon her—and in this unfavorable conjuncture of affairs she had accepted it.

Shocking as was this charge against a girl of Evelyn's purity and uprightness, involving, as it did, the utmost moral turpitude and hypocrisy—it was so authoritatively made, and couched in the mildest terms that could be applied to a great crime, that the obedient husband and the sycophantic Simon neither indignantly scouted, nor yet faintly denied it.

They gave, indeed, a qualified admission to the charge; allowing its plausibility, and suggesting that Evelyn's troubles, real and imaginary, (chiefly imaginary, Mr. Blass thought,) had so worked upon her highly excitable temperament as to unsettle her reason.

"Her mind has evidently lost its equipoise," said Simon; "no one could have seen her last evening without suspecting it. The eye—the eye told the whole story; there was a wildness in it that—that was really—ah—quite startling."

In truth there always had been something in Evelyn's eloquent eyes which was startling, when she was confronted by meanness or oppression. They said more than her voice, although even that organ was not altogether inefficient when, as Simon would say, her equipoise was lost.

Blass counselled action. Whether they were quite right or slightly wrong in their theories, he thought there were certain steps which might be advantageously taken to prevent trouble

"What would you advise?" asked Mrs. Sitterly, quickly.

"Well—the boy should be—ah—*provided for* in some way He is an orphan, without means, and it would be a great charity to him to find a home for him, where he would be taken good care of, and would be out of the way of designing people."

"Most certainly," replied the lady. "I should be willing to do something for him, in that way, quietly. It would be a charity as you say."

'The country, I should say, would be the place for him—far west—where he would be brought up frugally and industriously, and would not be exposed to the temptations of city life."

"Exactly."

"I think I know the very man to take him. The boy might be 'bound' to him; as he is liable to become a public charge, the Law provides for binding him. But, bound or not, it would make little difference if he was once in charge of *that man.* He would not see New York again before he was twenty-one years of age; certainly not before that time."

"Where does that gentleman live?" asked Mrs. Sitterly, with an appearance of lively interest; "and what is his name? and how could we get the boy to him?"

"That gentleman's country seat," answered Blass, smiling, and speaking slowly, "is about *seven hundred miles* from here; but I could have him here in three days, and his name is——"

"What?" asked the lady, eagerly, as Simon hesitated.

"*Rook!*"

Mrs. Sitterly turned pale, rose from her chair and walked across the room.

When she returned the observing lawyer quickly added:

"The boy would be quite safe from harm—would, I may say, be—ah—morally brought up, and it would be so many years before he would ever see New York, that if there are any proofs in his favor, they would be gone long before that."

"Your plan is excellent and judicious," said Mrs. Sitterly, calmly. "Don't you think so, Frederick?"

Frederick did.

"I will then telegraph to Mr. Rook immediately," said Simon; "and during the time that must elapse before his arrival, a little watch must be kept upon the lad. I will make that partly my business, as also to learn something about the disposition which those who have him now in charge design to make of him."

"Let him come here," said Frederick.

"I think not," replied his wife quickly. "There are several objections——"

"You are right," added Simon, magisterially; "he must not come here." As this was the first time that the husband had ventured to give an opinion, excepting when called upon to concur with his companions, and as he was so unceremoniously put down, he remained silent, and contented himself with giving his monosyllabic assent to everything that was proposed.

A little further discussion settled all the details of the plan to the satisfaction of these "friends in council."

Rook was telegraphed to, and a reply was received that he would be in New York in forty-eight hours

He was.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

THE DWELLERS AT NO. 15.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A young girl stood beside the window of her mother's boudoir. She was tall, and fair almost to paleness, with a slender, graceful figure, and a certain waviness of movement, that reminded one of nothing so much as a flower swaying upon its long stem. She was very delicate and fragile, and her mother was most tenderly careful of her. No wind of heaven had ever been allowed to visit her roughly. All that wealth could purchase of luxury had surrounded her from her childhood; she knew of poverty and its sufferings only from books, and very little even from them, since their details of the straits and habits of the poor offended her taste, and caused her to turn shrinkingly from them.

She knew nothing about cold, or hunger, or insufficient clothing. She had been too petted and indulged for that, and avoided with the careful egotism that was the natural result of her training, the slightest ruffling of her rose-leaf existence. And yet, though the day was bitterly cold, and the chill air would make itself felt even through the double sashes of the window, she had stood beside it for fully half an hour.

So long had she remained there, gazing fixedly into the street, that her mother's curiosity first, then her fears, had been excited. And her voice aroused the young girl from the reverie into which she had fallen. She came and stood beside her daughter, putting her arm about the slender waist with a fond, caressing movement, as she spoke:

"What can you be gazing at, my dear child?" she said. "I am sure nothing ever happens in this quiet street to cause one to glance a second time from the window. What is it, child?" she added, as she saw that the street was but a blank, neither passing carriage nor pedestrian moving along it, and the tall, stately houses looking as intensely dull and aristocratic as their very fashionable inhabitants chose to appear.

There was only one objection to the street—that was the one house that was rented. All the others were owned by their occupants; and that had lately degraded the neighborhood by becoming a boarding-house. Mrs. Carson—Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Carson was the name upon her visiting-cards and notes of invitation—in her mingled indignation and dismay on learning of this invasion of the social Goths and Vandals, had felt as if instant removal was her only resource. But, after all, was it not better, she had finally concluded, to ignore the boarding-house, and remain in her elegant and commodious mansion, that had been planned and furnished in exact accordance with her own taste,—especially as that domestic cypher, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Carson, for once asserted something like individuality, and declared that he would not go. Mrs. Carson made a merit of submission: "Mr. Carson is so attached to his house," she said to her friends; "and, after all, he only sees the boarding-house in the evening, when the glare of gaslight from every window causes it to look as the other houses on the street do when illuminated for a party;" and she contented herself with never deigning to cast a glance at the obnoxious house, though it was directly opposite her own.

What was her surprise now to see that her daughter was actually watching its windows! and visions of wretched adventurers, making use of the shelter thus afforded them to steal away her child's affections, and to tempt her into some dreadful clandestine acquaintance, flashed across her mind.

"I was looking at that poor, sick girl, mamma," answered Amy Carson, simply. "How very beautiful she is, and how those great, dark eyes gleam out of her pale face. Do you know, mamma, I have been wondering if they are not very poor, else I am sure they would not live in that miserable attic. My maid would not condescend to sleep in the corresponding one in our house."

"Who do you mean by 'they'?" inquired Mrs. Carson, as her eyes followed her daughter's, and fixed them upon the face—wan, and spectrally fair—of a young girl, who, propped up in large chair beside the window, was embroidering in silks her thin hands moving feebly but swiftly.

"I mean the girl, and the young gentleman—for that he evidently is, though dressed so poorly—who is often with her—her brother, I should judge from the resemblance, and oh! so kind and tender toward her."

"More likely her husband," Mrs. Carson interposed, quickly, with a sharp ring in her tones, that told of inward irritation. "Come away, Amy. I won't have you gazing at them, and trying to make a romance about a pair of young idiots, who have probably married upon nothing, and are already repenting in a garret."

Amy followed her mother to the fire-side, but she was not diverted from the subject of her thoughts.

She sat silent while Mrs. Carson descanted volubly upon the dresses preparing for their appearance at a grand ball the following week, but at the first opportunity she returned to the topic of her neighbors.

"Mamma, won't you send Annette to No. 15, to inquire after that poor girl? I am sure she is ill—very ill. She looks like a foreigner, too; and I think nobody but her brother comes near her."

"Annette has quite enough to do, my dear, without running after the boarders of No. 15. I wish you would forget these people—servants, perhaps—at any rate, not fit persons for you to know."

"But, mamma——"

"There, Amy! for goodness' sake let me hear no more about it," answered the mother, in a tone of unwonted irritation. "It is enough to provoke the patience of a saint to have a boarding house in the street, without having you run wild about all the low creatures that congregate there. I want to read this delightful book now, but if you must talk, do let it be about something besides beggars."

Amy Carson opened her great, blue eyes with an expression of surprise, that faded to one of grief as she saw the frown that remained on her mother's face even after she had ostentatiously settled to the unwonted occupation of reading. Very soon afterward she rose, and quietly left the room.

In her own apartment a shower of tears relieved her excited feelings. Her mother was unjust, unkind; and the conviction that, for almost the first time in her life, she had been the victim of injustice and unkindness, was not calculated to weaken the interest in her unknown protégés, that had produced them.

Here again she stole to the window, and, unobserved, watched the little scene that was passing in the attic of No. 15. The young man, whom she had named the brother of the lovely invalid, had come in. A tiny fire in the grate had made the room ruddy with its light, and revealed, the more plainly that the twilight shadows were gathering without, the inhabitants of the room. The brother had withdrawn the bright silks and the frame from the worker's hands, and sitting down beside her, had laid her fair head upon his breast, that was broad and manly, though clad in the cheap, gray cloth that at once showed that he was poor, and a worker.

Amy could see with what a caressing movement he passed his hand over the satiny bands of her black hair, how he drew the shawl closer about her shoulders, and pressed his lips upon her brow. She could even see by his animated countenance and gestures, that he was relating some interesting anecdote, or trying to amuse the lovely one, whose pensive smile seemed to reward him well.

Then Amy first realized that there might be happiness without wealth, and that affection was more precious than gold. Hitherto there had been no want of either in her life, though she had sometime indulged a vague longing for the love and companionship of those of her own age. And now she recognized at once the vital principle of home joy, that defies poverty, and has no relation to station. The love of these youthful neighbors of hers had been worth a score of essays in convincing her of the essential brotherhood of humanity.

"I care not if they are poor. It is nothing to me that they live in the attic of a boarding-house," she said. "That poor girl is ill, her brother is poor and cannot procure her luxuries; they are not of our country, and find life here hard and cold, so I shall go, myself, to see them, and not send a servant, to whom they would never unburden their sorrows."

Amy did not wait for her resolution to cool. She put on her bonnet, and cloak of furs; and it was not until she shut the door of the mansion behind her, and stood, in the icy air of the closing evening, alone in the street, that she reflected on the strange errand upon which she was bound.

But she would not turn back, though she almost wished she had, when the door of No. 15 was opened, in reply to her ring, and she found herself unable to designate by name the persons she had come to visit.

"It's the young woman in the attic you've come to see?" the Irish servant, who opened the door, answered, with a broad stare of surprise. "Ye're the first lady that has called for her, and she don't never come down, so I suppose ye'll jist have to go up till her room. She's sick, poor crater, and mighty wake, indade: and it's poor enough they are, I'm thinking; and they've come from some o' them countries where they spake a quare language, Eetalyans they call theirselves; but she's the nice, pleasant-spoken lady, an' her brother a raal jintleman. But here we are; shall I knock for ye, Miss?" seeing Amy pause, panting from her long ascent, and hesitating how to introduce herself to these strangers.

The brother opened the door, started when he saw Amy, then bowed with a grace strangely at variance with his dress and surroundings.

"I came to see your sister," faltered Amy, in reply to his inquiring glance. "I live opposite, and I saw her from the window; saw that she was ill, and I could not resist my impulse to come and inquire if I could be of any service to her."

Before she had finished her tremulous little explanation, she was within the room, and advancing at once to the side of the invalid, she took her wasted hand in hers.

Before Amy left the room she had learned the sad and simple story of the exiles, and when she returned home, after an hour's stay, escorted by Bernardo Montelano to her father's door, it was to form plans for aiding those who were still suffering from the injustice and oppression that had driven them from their own land.

Mrs. Carson, highly indignant at the step her child had taken, would hear nothing about her protégés. But Mr. Carson had never known how to resist his daughter from the days when, as a child, she sat upon his knee, and wheedled him with kisses out of any present she desired. It is more than probable she used the same means now; but, be that as it may, he placed in her hands a sum of money to be expended for the comfort of the invalid, and promised to take the young man into his employ, if, on calling at his counting-room, he found that he could be made useful.

It chanced that the post of foreign correspondent of the great firm of Carson and Grant was just then vacant, and Bernardo Montelano's education admirably fitted him for it. He had been a noble in his own country, and knew little of business; but he had had an aptitude for learning, and, besides, was anxious to work for his sister. She, poor girl, was dying of a decline caused by the grief and terror of her flight, and a cold taken upon the voyage. But Amy's kindness placed her in an airy and commodious room, on the first floor of No. 15, and surrounded her with many luxuries, not least of which was her own daily visits. Here for three months the brother brought home his ample salary, anxious only to devote it to her service; and here, after fading so gradually that those who watched her scarce noted the change, she quietly breathed her last.

The brother's grief was too frantic to allow him to arrange the details of the burial of his beloved Angela, and by Amy's request she was laid to rest in that beautiful portion of Greenwood cemetery which Mr. Carson had purchased for the graves of his own household. And this but added another tie to all those grateful ones that bound Bernardo Montelano to the friends whom Providence had raised up for him in the land of exile. He was now the last of his race: and despairing of ever returning to the home which the tyrant of Austria ruled, he resolved to devote himself to those who had soothed the last hours of his sister, had laid her ashes with those of their own family, and had relieved him of at least one bitter curse of banishment—poverty.

In the business he became invaluable; and Mr. Carson, and his partner also, foresaw the time when justice would demand that they should offer him a place in their firm. Already he was high in their confidence and regard, but Mrs. Carson had refused to recognize him. Only once had he been admitted within her doors, and that was when he called, immediately after his sister's burial, to offer, in person, his heartfelt thanks to Amy for the kindness that had smoothed the path to the tomb for her who was no more.

He still remained at No. 15, occupying the pleasant room which had been endeared to him as that where Angela's gentle life faded away. Sometimes Amy saw him at the window, sometimes as he went out or came in, and in her rare visits to her father's counting-room she occasionally encountered him. But otherwise, their lives seemed forever separated, for Mrs. Carson, partly from a morbid fear of adventurers, common to all mothers of beautiful and richly endowed daughters; partly from obstinacy, still refused to admit him to her house. And so several years passed away.

Bernardo had long been a member of the firm of Carson, Grant & Co.; and Amy still remained unmarried, though she had received many offers, and her mother had often urged a decision in favor of some of her favorites. The repugnance she felt to each and all of her suitors, had long since enlightened her, and though she was too timid to acknowledge, even to her own heart, that she loved Bernardo Montelano, she accepted him as her ideal of all that was heroic and noble in manhood, as her most admired type of manly beauty, as the realization of her highest conception of a gentleman, in the most exalted sense of that much-abused term.

Meanwhile Bernardo Montelano worshipped even the image of this fair young creature that was imprinted upon his memory. From the first her blonde, fragile beauty, so different from the darker loveliness of Italian girls, had produced a powerful impression upon him. He had dreamed of angels with glossy, floating hair of golden brown, like hers, with faces fair and exquisitely sweet in their gracious seriousness, as was that of this visitant of their poor room, who came on the angelic mission of peace and good-will. And though, with longer acquaintance, the familiar acquaintance of the chamber of sickness and death, something of earthly passion had mingled with the reverence with which he regarded her, it remained for the longing, yearning hours of enforced separation to develop the intense love, the unconquerable desire to call her all his own, that now possessed him.

How hard to stifle this! How hard to watch for such scraps of comfort as a chance mention of her name by her father, a chance recognition on the public promenade, or in the dingy counting-room. How hard to feel that all the devotion so silently lavished was hopeless of reward! And yet Bernardo Montelano was too true and loyal to regret the love that seemed destined to no earthly fruition.

At length in a season of peril the longed for admittance to Amy's home was obtained, or rather Mrs. Carson's prejudices, being set aside by the force of circumstance, the junior partner of Carson, Grant & Co., came and went on his errands of business, or kindness, to the bedside of her husband, who lay struggling with a most dangerous malady—a disease that sent terror to the hearts of hired attendants, but was braved, with uncalculating courage, by him who owed so much to father and daughter; and when at length Mr. Carson recovered, his wife dared not refuse her acknowledgement that, to the care of the despised Italian, he owed his life, and she the grateful joy with which she reflected that her home had not been made desolate.

But so strong is prejudice and will that even now she could not bring herself to receive him warmly, and the acknowledgement by Amy that, in the transport of joy with which her father's safe passage of the crisis of his disease had been hailed, prudence and the restraint of years had been forgotten, and the words spoken which had proclaimed Bernardo Montelano her lover, was the signal of such a scene of recrimination as the young girl had never encountered before. It was evident that her consent would not be given to a marriage that no representations could make her look upon as other than a degradation. Again the lovers separated, and now in the belief that, only to the death of Mrs. Carson, could they owe their happiness. To Amy this belief was equivalent to that of a final separation.

But to the mother's vanity they at length owed that which her affection refused to grant—her pleased consent to their union. Tidings arrived that Bernardo was not only permitted to return to his country, but was reinstated in his titles and his confiscated wealth, at least so much of it as consisted in lands and palaces. Mrs. Carson, who despised the *man,* was proud to acknowledge the *noble,* and though she would never have consented to address her child by the republican title of Mrs. Montelano, was delighted to salute her as the Contesse di Montelano on the morning when she sailed with her young husband for his ancestral home, and the shores of his native land.

Nor did she even cease to preserve this aristocratic connection when the Montelanos, content to leave forever the fair land which the tyrant yet despoiled, returned to fix their home in America.

Bernardo and Amy both loved the house beneath whose roof they had first met, where one at least, had suffered and struggled. They purchased No. 15, and refitting it, have made it their own princely home. And there Amy still resides, while her brave husband, obedient to the call of his country, hastened to the side of the saviour of Italian liberty, to fight its battles, and to share the joy with which the land of oppression shook off its chains, and took its place among the nations of the free.

No. 15 is the shrine from whence a wife's prayers ascended during the memorable struggle, the house she guarded, and wherein she watched for the patriot's safe return.

* * *

MANY things that are certain are contradicted; many that are false pass without contradiction: contradiction is no proof of falsehood, nor universal assent of truth.

INHUMAN MAN.

BY A DISAPPOINTED OLD MAID.

There's not a wolf that ravens 'mid the hills,
Lion nor tiger, in its jungle den,
That has so hard and treacherous a heart
As beats within the breasts of selfish men.
The rattlesnake, the cobra, nor the asp,
Nor aught among the creeping, crawling brood,
Can match the *most inhuman* human tongue
In sending mortal poison through the blood.
The frightful shapes that haunt the torrid zone,
The ravenous monsters of the tropic seas,
Of Ganges' stream, of mighty Amazon,
The hot simoon, the plague-polluted breeze;
The foul miasma of the vale of death,
The poison of the fell Woo-ra-re* tree;
The storm, the earthquake, famine, fire and flood,
Are none so merciless as *man* can be.
Why, spotted leopards are but rabbits mild,
And hungry vultures are but turtle-doves,
Wild, raging lions are but timid fawns,
And wolves and wildcats are Incarnate Loves,
Compared to man, th' anointed King of All,
Made pure, and wise, and noble, like his God,
But who *grew* apt and ripe in sins which made
The very ground accurst o'er which he trod.
Men *brethren?*—claim the whirlpool for thy kin—
Say Etna was begotten by thy sire—
Men *just as greedily* will suck thee in,
Will scorch thee with as fierce and deadly fire.
When was there havoc on the stormy sea,
When was the earthquake that was ever found
So fatal as the passions, raging wild
Through human hearts, this groaning earth around?
What starved wild beast *could* make more reckless haste
When falls the prey within the unsunn'd wood—
Could growl, and snarl, and bite more viciously
Than man, athirst for gain, as they for blood?
'Tis said that wolves, when a companion falls,
Tear him, and on his quiv'ring carcass feed;
Not so, the prowling savage is belied,
This bandit scorns the most abhorrent deed.
'Tis *man* that preys upon his fallen kind,
That sucks his fellow's blood, that wrings his heart,
That mangles him, and with exquisite skill
Augments each pain and lengthens out its smart.
Yet it was Man for whom th' incarnate God
Died on the cross, descended to the tomb;
Man! who defies, and mocks, and spurns at *Love*—
Oh! who *shall* save him from the *Wrath* to come?

---

* A South American tree—deadly poison.

◆

EL TUERTO:

THE BANDIT OF THE CANIMA REAL.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

One of the stories told, many years ago, when I was in Mexico, of this one-eyed robber chief, (for *El Tuerto* means one-eyed,) is, that on one occasion, while she was journeying toward Jalapa, a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Vera Cruz fell into his hands, for whom he demanded an exorbitant ransom. The money, amounting to many thousand reals, was paid, and the young lady restored to her father uninjured. So indignant, however, was the merchant at what he justly considered an insult and extortion, that he caused the country to be scoured by patrols of regular troops, for the extermination of the robbers, and offered a very large sum for the head of *El Tuerto*. But while the search for his band was progressing, the young lady was suddenly missing from her home, and there was little doubt but that she had been abducted by the robbers. Indeed, a few days after, the head of the unfortunate girl was received by her frantic parent, preserved in a jar of oil.

Another story is told to the effect that, after a desperate fight with a vastly superior force of the dragoons, in which the robbers were the victorious party, though after losing a number of his men, *El Tuerto* contented himself with the deputized execution of the officers, and dismissed the soldiers loaded down with presents, at the same time giving them a letter to their commanding general, certifying to their bravery and soldierly conduct during the engagement. But of the truth of these and similar stories, I, of course, knew nothing. But having nothing else to occupy my mind, and the rascal (who had robbed me but a short time before) having been taken, I determined to obtain, if possible, an admission to the prison. The permit was readily given, and having included the name of my worthy landlord in the official document, we started forth together.

Within the corridor of a second story of the prison we found a better sort of criminals, or rather those who were able to pay for the privilege of boarding apart from the vile rabble of the pestiferous court-yard below.

In the farther side of this corridor, was a group of prisoners, better clad, and of a much more respectable appearance than any we had before seen; and their tidy and well arranged serapes showed that they had not long been occupants of the place. These men I was certain were the prisoners we had come to visit, and turning to the soldier who accompanied us, I asked him to point out the robber chief.

The man was about to do so, when a tall, handsome, and soldier-like figure, who had been sitting apart from the others, rose to his feet, and advancing towards us, courteously saluted me, and introduced himself as the person I had inquired for. I immediately recognized in this man, the bandit captain I had before encountered near *El Puente Nacional*—for there was the same black silk patch on the left eye, and the same peculiarly musical voice that had so politely requested the favor of my purse. The recognition was mutual, and to my surprise El Tuerto addressed me by name.

"Ah! Señor Don Thomas," said he, as he gave me his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, "we meet under somewhat different circumstances from our former interview, when you so kindly favored me with a small pecuniary loan."

"Yes!" I replied, "and indeed, my friend, I am sorry to see you here. It must certainly be extremely irksome, to you and your people, to be confined from the sun and pure air of heaven, among these wretches," and I pointed to the disorderly groups below.

"Why yes, Señor, it's not very pleasant, but we've all been here 'fore, and unless there's no longer virtue in gold, we'll be soon upon the road again," replied the robber. "When do you return to the coast, Señor?" he inquired indifferently.

"By the next correro," I answered carelessly.

"I regret that, mi amigo," he rejoined, "for in that case, I fear I shall miss the opportunity of enjoying your society. But if you will defer your return till the next week, I'll promise to meet you where we met before, and again exchange compliments."

"Many thanks," I replied, laughing heartily at the *sang froid* with which he uttered this remark; "but indeed, I'd rather be excused."

"Well, well! so be it!" said he, joining in my merriment. "But mark my word, Señor, if by any accident you are detained till the departure of the Wednesday's correro, I will surely meet you near the *Puente*."

I could not help being greatly amused at the fellow's impudence; and finding him inclined to be communicative, I questioned him in relation to some of the stories I had heard of him; and when I referred to the merchant's daughter, he denied it positively, saying he never molested a lady in his life. He acknowledged the affair with the dragoons, and whispered:

"Some of those same persons, fortunately, are now among the prison guards—they are my friends. You may be surprised Señor, at my confiding my plans to you; but I know you are an American, and have no object in taking advantage of my confidence. Besides, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you, on your way from the prison, place this package and this note into the hands of the Commodante, unseen by the other officials?"

As he said this, El Tuerto drew a small roll of heavy coin from his bosom and handed it to me, accompanied by a soiled bit of paper. Receiving it in the same cautious manner it was passed to me, I placed it safely in my pocket, and with a sign promised to do as desired.

I now inquired how it happened, that so brave and desperate a fighter, as I had always supposed him to be, should ever have been taken prisoner.

"Treachery—treachery! Señor, vanquished us; and not courage or superior force. The fact is, I and some of my men here, had become tired of the life we led, and determined to abandon it. With this view I corresponded with the authorities, who pledged themselves that a free pardon should be extended to myself and all the members of my band, provided we would surrender to the dragoons sent to meet us under the command of Colonel Bravo. But no sooner did we find ourselves within the walls of this prison, than we learned that the promised clemency was all a vile trick of the faithless government, and we were doomed to the garrota!" and saying this the Bandit chief ground his teeth with rage, while his one, keen black eye, seemed to emit flashes of fire. But after a moment he restrained his passion, and continued: "But *por Dios!* they shall be disappointed! I have gold enough to buy these hounds. You shall hear of me again Señor, but not as a prisoner led to execution. I will yet live to revenge this treachery and insult, and so shall these brave fellows here! But hush! mi amigo, here comes the prison police!"

I now left El Tuerto, and rejoining Don Sarpar, retired from the corridor and passed out of the prison. But as I reached the little apartment occupied by the Commodante, I slipped a piece of gold into the hand of the sentinel at the door, and, entering the room unquestioned, placed upon the officer's table the robber's note and package; and calling his attention to them without speaking, passed out through the crowd of gossipping dragoons into the plaza.

Saturday, the day for the departure of the dilligence, at length arrived. But although I had engaged my seat and paid the passage money, the cumbrous old vehicle, much to my chagrin, rolled out of the *plaza Mayor* without me. I was to have received a considerable sum of money, which, according to previous arrangement, was to have been exchanged for bills on Vera Cruz, as it was unsafe to carry so much specie by the public conveyance. But at the last moment, from some misunderstanding, the paper, such as I had contracted for, was not to be attained. I had, therefore, nothing to do but swallow my disappointment, and patiently await the departure of the Wednesday coach; when, carefully packing my doubloons in a leathern valise, I received the parting embrace of my worthy landlord, and rattled out upon the Canima Real.

The coach was full, as I could perceive by the lantern suspended from the roof; and no sooner had we passed the outskirts of the city, than the passengers congratulated each other upon the safe condition of the road, now that El Tuerto was an inmate of the Acordado, and the dragoons were scouring the country for the remainder of his band.

This led to various anecdotes of the famous robber, to which I listened in silence; and I must acknowledge I felt highly gratified at the prospect of reaching my destination without encountering any of these outlaws.

As we rolled rapidly over the road, we frequently met parties of patrols; and at noon reached the village of Puente Nacional without accident. Here we dined, and were assured by the people of the inn that the roads had been cleared of the robbers.

In high spirits, we dashed out of the village, and were soon composing ourselves for our postprandial siestas, when, on reaching a valley where the road was closely shut in by dense chaparral, the vehicle came to a sudden stand still, which aroused us all from sleep. Scarcely had we time to rub open our eyes, than the coach doors were opened, and we found ourselves completely surrounded by armed men. There was an involuntary clutching for pistols among us. But seeing the great number that gathered about us, we all seemed to come suddenly to the same conclusion, that discretion would prove the better part of valor.

We were immediately ordered to dismount, when we were surrounded by a party of the robbers—for such they really were—while others ransacked the dilligence, overhauling trunks, bags and packages in search of money and other valuables. Others approached and demanded our watches and the contents of our pockets, at the same time disarming such of us as were in possession of pistols. While this was going on, I had the mortification to see my valise, the golden contents of which had brought me to the country, carried away and placed in the hands of a robber who had not yet left his saddle, when the fellow, putting spurs to his horse, dashed away into the chaparral.

This affair occupied scarcely five minutes; and the bandits, being satisfied with what they had attained, directed us to return to the carriage, and, commending us to the care of all the Saints, laughingly bid us "go with God." The driver snatched his whip, and once more we dashed away toward our destination. Each of us thanking God that we had escaped as cheap as we had.

An hour after this mal-adventure, the coach drew up in front of a solitary station to change mules. Vexed and mortified at my loss—for it was nearly all I possessed in the world—I refused to alight and join my fellow travellers in a glass of country brandy. While they were absent for the refreshment, a person who seemed to be one of the servants of the establishment came to the coach window, and handed me a scrap of paper. I opened it and read:

"DON THOMAS—Said I not, when we met in the Acordado, that if you took the Wednesday correo we would meet again. Follow the man who gives you this, and your loss shall be made good. I will detain the coach, so you need not fear being left behind.

"EL TUERTO."

I followed the fellow as directed, and entering a back room of the station-house, encountered my old acquaintance of El Puente Nacional and the city prison. He was, if possible, more polite than ever, and after thanking me for the favor I had done him on the last occasion of our meeting, which, he said, had led to his escape and that of his companions, he drew from a corner of the room my yet unopened valise, and placing it in my hands, begged many pardons for the uneasiness the loss of it might have caused me.

Returning my thanks for this unexpected courtesy, I desired to know how he and his followers had escaped from the Acordado.

"*Gold*, mi amigo, was the key that opened the gates, and restored our horses. Last night at midnight, during the confusion of changing the guards, we walked out, and taking to our saddles, were in time to keep good my word to you, and make a handsome haul besides from your fellow travellers."

At this moment the impatient shout of the driver called to the passengers to enter the dilligence, and soon we were once more rattling away at a rapid pace towards Vera Cruz, where we all safely arrived without further adventure.

◆

ASKING.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

I do not covet earthly good,
Ah! no.
But faintly, wearily I turn to thee,
Lord—wilt thou guide me o'er Life's restless sea?
I hear its waters flow;
I know its waves are bearing on my barque,
And oft it strains and trembles in the dark;
I know not where I go.
Tempestuous winds are whistling in my ears,
My heart is sad with troubles, doubts and fears;
Faith's pure sweet holy light burns pale and dim,
And Hope forgets to sing her glorious hymn.
Redeemer! deign to chase the clouds away,
Which shroud from me the brightness of the day,
Look down and calm the surging waters' spray.

Baltimore, March 19th, 1861.

◆

IN THE WAY OF TEMPTATION.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Martin Green was a young man of good habits, and a good conceit of himself. He had listened, often and again, with as much patience as he could assume, to warning and suggestion touching the dangers that beset the feet of those who go out into this wicked world, and become subject to its legion of temptations. All these warnings and suggestions he considered as so many words wasted when offered to himself.

"I'm in no danger," he would sometimes answer to relative or friend, who ventured a remonstrance against certain associations, or cautioned him about visiting certain places.

"If I wish to play a game of billiards, I will go to a billiard-saloon," was the firm position he assumed. "Is there any harm in billiards? I can't help it if bad men play at billiards, and congregate in billiard-saloons. Bad men may be found anywhere and everywhere; on the street, in stores, at all public places—even in church. Shall I stay away from church because bad men are there?"

This last argument Martin Green considered unanswerable. Then he would say:

"If I want a plate of oysters, I'll go to a refectory; and I'll take a glass of ale with my oysters, if it so pleases me. What harm, I would like to know? Danger of getting into bad company, you say? Hum-m! Complimentary to your humble servant! But I'm not the kind to which dirt sticks."

So, confident of his own power to stand safely in the midst of temptation, and ignorant of its thousand insidious approaches, Martin Green, at the age of twenty-one, came and went as he pleased, mingling with the evil and the good, and seeing life under circumstances of great danger to the pure and innocent. But he felt strong and safe; confident of neither stumbling nor falling. All around him he saw young men yielding to the pressure of temptation, and stepping aside into evil ways; but they were weak and vicious, while he stood firm-footed on the rock of virtue!

It happened, very naturally, as Green was a bright, social young man, that he made acquaintances with other young men, who were frequently met in billiard-saloons, theatre-lobbies, and eating houses. Some of these he did not understand quite as well as he imagined. The vicious, who have ends to gain, know how to cloak themselves, and easily deceive persons of Green's character. Among these acquaintances was a handsome, gentlemanly, affable young man, named Bland, who gradually intruded himself into his confidence. Bland never drank to excess, and never seemed inclined to sensual indulgences. He had, moreover, a way of moralizing that completely veiled his true quality from the not very penetrating Martin Green, whose shrewdness and knowledge of character were far less acute than he, in his self-conceit, imagined.

One evening, instead of going with his sister to the house of a friend, where a select company of highly intelligent ladies and gentlemen were to meet, and pass an evening together, Martin excused himself under the pretence of an engagement, and lounged away to an eating and drinking saloon, there to spend an hour in smoking, reading the newspapers, and enjoying a glass of ale, the desire for which was fast growing into a habit. Strong and safe as he imagined himself, the very fact of preferring the atmosphere of a drinking or billiard-saloon to that in which refined and intellectual people breathe, showed that he was weak and in danger.

He was sitting with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of ale beside him, reading with the air of a man who felt entirely satisfied with himself, and rather proud than ashamed of his position and surroundings, when his pleasant friend, Mr. Bland, crossed the room and, reaching out his hand, said, with his smiling, hearty manner:

"How are you, my friend? What's the news to-day?" And he drew a chair to the table, calling at the same time to a waiter for a glass of ale.

"I never drink anything stronger than ale," he added, in a confidential way, not waiting for Green to answer his first remark. "Liquors are so drugged now-a-days, that you never know what poison you are taking; besides, tippling is a bad habit, and sets a questionable example. We must, you know, have some regard to the effect of our conduct on weaker people. Man is an imitative animal. By the way, did you see Booth's Cardinal Wolsey?"

"Yes."

"A splendid piece of acting, was it not? You remember, after the Cardinal's fall, that noble passage to which he gives utterance. It has been running through my mind ever since:

"'Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: Cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues, be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.'

"Love thyself last,—Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's. Could a man's whole duty in life be expressed in fewer words, or said more grandly? I think not."

And so he went on, charming the ears of Green, and inspiring him with the belief that he was a person of the purest instincts and noblest ends. While they talked, two young men, strangers to Green, came up and were introduced by Bland as "My very particular friends." Something about them did not at first impress Martin favorably. But this impression soon wore off, they were so intelligent and agreeable. Bland, after a little while, referred again to the Cardinal Wolsey of Booth, and drawing a copy of Shakspeare's Henry VIII. from his pocket, remarked:

"If it wasn't so public here, I'd like to read a few of the best passages in Wolsey's part."

"Can't we get a private room?" said one of the two young men who had joined Bland and Green. "There are plenty in the house. I'll see."

And away he went to the bar.

"Come," he said, returning in a few minutes, and the party followed a waiter up stairs, and were shown into a small room, neatly furnished, though smelling villainously of stale cigar smoke.

"This is cosy," was the approving remark of Bland, as they entered. Hats and overcoats were laid aside, and they drew around a table that stood in the centre of the room under the gas-light. A few passages were read from Shakspeare; then drink was ordered by one of the party. The reading, interspersed with critical comments, was again resumed; but the reading soon gave way entirely to the comments which, in a little while, passed from the text of Shakspeare to actors, actresses, prima donnas, and ballet-dancers; the relative merits of which were knowingly discussed for some time. In the midst of this discussion, oysters in two or three styles, and a smoking dish of terrapin, ordered by a member of the company—which our young friend Green did not know—were brought in, followed by a liberal supply of wine and brandy. Bland expressed surprise, but accepted the entertainment as quite agreeable to himself.

After the supper, cigars were introduced, and after the cigars, cards. A few games were played for shilling stakes. Green, under the influence of more liquor than his head could bear, and in the midst of companions whose sphere he could not, in consequence, resist, yielded in a new direction for him. Of gambling, he had always entertained a virtuous disapproval; yet, ere aware of the direction in which he was drifting, he was staking money at cards—the sums gradually increasing, until from shillings the ventures increased to dollars. Sometimes he won, and sometimes he lost; the winnings stimulating to new trials in the hope of further success, and the losses stimulating to new trials in order to recover, if possible; but, steadily, the tide, for all these little eddies of success, bore him downwards, and losses increased from single dollars to fives, and from fives to tens, his pleasant friend, Bland, supplying whatever he wanted in the most disinterested way, until an aggregate loss of nearly a hundred and fifty dollars sobered and appalled him.

The salary of Martin Green was only four hundred dollars, every cent of which was expended as fast as earned. A loss of a hundred and fifty dollars was, therefore, a serious and embarrassing matter.

"I'll call and see you to-morrow, when we can arrange this little matter, said Mr. Bland, on parting with Green, at his own door. He spoke pleasantly, but with something in his voice that chilled the nerves of his victim.

On the next day, while Green stood at his desk, trying to fix his mind upon his work, and do it correctly, his employer said:

"Martin, there's a young man in the store who has asked for you."

Green turned and saw the last man on the earth he desired to meet. His pleasant friend of the evening before had called to "arrange that little matter."

"Not too soon for you, I hope," remarked Bland, with his courteous, yet now serious smile, as he took the victim's hand.

"Yes, you *are* too soon," was soberly answered.

The smile faded off of Bland's face.

"When will you arrange it?"

"In a few days."

"But I want the money to-day. It was a simple loan, you know."

"I am aware of that, but the amount is larger than I can manage at once," said Green.

"Can I have a part to-day?"

"Not to-day."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I'll do the best in my power."

"Very well. To-morrow, at this time, I will call. Make up the whole sum if possible, for I want it badly."

"Do you know that young man?" asked Mr. Phillips, the employer of Green, as the latter came back to his desk. The face of Mr. Phillips was unusually serious.

"His name is Bland."

"Why has he called to see you?" The eyes of Mr. Phillips were fixed, intently, on his clerk.

"He merely dropped in. I have met him a few times in company."

"Don't you know his character?"

"I never heard a word against him," said Green.

"Why, Martin," replied Mr. Phillips, "he has the reputation of being one of the worst young men in our city, a base gambler's stool pigeon, some say."

"I'm glad to know it, sir." Martin had the presence of mind, in the painful confusion that overwhelmed him, to say, "and shall treat him accordingly." He went back to his desk and resumed his work.

It is the easiest thing in the world to go astray, but always difficult to return. Martin Green was astray, but how was he to get into the right path again? A barrier that seemed impassable was now lying across the way over which he had passed, a little while before, with lightest footsteps. Alone and unaided, he could not safely get back. The evil spirits that lure a man from virtue, never counsel aright when to seek to return. They magnify the perils that beset the road by which alone is safety, and suggest other ways that lead into labyrinths of evil from which escape is sometimes impossible. These spirits were now at the ear of our unhappy young friend, suggesting methods of relief in his embarrassing position.

If Bland were indeed such a character as Mr. Phillips had represented him, it would be ruin, in his employer's estimation, to have him call again and again for his debt. But how was he to liquidate that debt? There was nothing due him on account of salary, and there was not a friend or acquaintance to whom he could apply with any hope of borrowing.

"Man's extremity is the devil's opportunity." It was so in the present case. Green had a number of collections to make on that day, and his evil counsellors suggested his holding back the return of two of these, amounting to his indebtedness, and say that the parties were not yet ready to settle their bills. This would enable him to get rid of Bland and gain time. So, acting upon this bad suggestion, he made up his return of collections, omitting the two accounts to which we have referred.

Now it so happened that one of the persons against whom these accounts stood, met Mr. Phillips as he was returning from dinner in the afternoon, and said to him—

"I settled that bill of yours to-day."

"That's right. I wish all my customers were as punctual," answered Mr. Phillips.

"I gave your young man a check for a hundred and five dollars!"

"Thank you!"

And the two men passed on their respective ways.

On Mr. Phillips's return to his store, Martin rendered his account of collections, and to the surprise of his employer, omitted the one in regard to which he had just been notified.

"Is this all?" he asked, in a tone that sent a thrill of alarm to the guilty heart of his clerk.

"Yes, sir," was the not clearly out spoken answer.

"Didn't Garland pay?"

"N-n-o, sir!" The suddenness of this question so confounded Martin, that he could not answer without a betraying hesitation.

"Martin!" Astonishment, rebuke and accusation were in the voice of Mr. Phillips as he pronounced his clerk's name. Martin's face flushed deeply, and then grew very pale. He stood the image of guilt and fear for some moments, then, drawing out his pocket book, he brought therefrom a small roll of bank bills, and a memorandum slip of paper.

"I made these collections also." And he gave the money and memorandum to Mr. Phillips.

"A hundred and fifty dollars withheld! Martin! Martin! what *does* this mean?"

"Heaven is my witness, sir," answered the young man, with quivering lips, "that I have never wronged you out of a dollar, and had no intention of wronging you now. But I am in a fearful strait. My feet have become suddenly mired, and this was a desperate struggle for extrication—a temporary expedient only, not a premeditated wrong against you."

"Sit down, Martin," said Mr. Phillips, in a grave, but not severe tone of voice. "Let me understand the case from first to last. Conceal nothing, if you wish to have me for a friend."

Thus enjoined, Martin told his humiliating story.

"If you had not gone into the way of temptation, the betrayer had not found you," was the remark of Mr. Phillips, when the young man ended his confession. "Do you frequent these eating and drinking saloons?"

"I go occasionally, sir."

"They are neither safe nor reputable, Martin. A young man who frequents them must have the fine tone of his manhood dimmed. There is an atmosphere of impurity about these places. Have you a younger brother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you think it good for him, as he emerged from youth to manhood, to visit refectories and billiard saloons?"

"No, sir. I would do all in my power to prevent it."

"Why?"

"There's danger in them, sir."

"And, knowing this, you went into the way of danger, and have fallen!"

Martin dropped his eyes to the floor in confusion.

"Bland is a stool pigeon, and you were betrayed."

"What am I to do?" asked the troubled young man. "I am in debt to him."

"He will be here to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"I will have a policeman ready to receive him."

"Oh, no, no, sir! Pray don't do that!" answered Martin, with a distressed look.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Phillips.

"It will ruin me."

"How?"

"Bland will denounce me."

"Let him."

"I shall be exposed to the policeman."

"An evil, but a mild one, compared with that to which you were rushing in order to disentangle yourself. I must have my way, sir. This matter has assumed a serious aspect. You are in my power, and must submit."

On the next day, punctual to the hour, Bland called.

"This is your man," said Mr. Phillips to his clerk. "Ask him into the counting-room." Bland, thus invited, walked back. As he entered, Mr. Phillips said—

"My clerk owes you a hundred and fifty dollars, I understand."

"Yes, sir;" and the villain bowed.

"Make him out a receipt," said Mr. Phillips.

"When I receive the money," was coldly and resolutely answered. Martin glanced sideways at the face of Bland, and the sudden change in its expression chilled him. The mild, pleasant, virtuous aspect he could so well assume was gone, and he looked more like a fiend than a man. In pictures he had seen eyes such as now gleamed on Mr. Phillips, but never in a living face before.

The officer, who had been sitting with a newspaper in his hand, now gave his paper a quick rattle as he threw it aside, and, coming forward, stood beside Mr. Phillips, and looked steadily at the face of Bland, over which passed another change; it was less assured, but not less malignant.

Mr. Phillips took out his pocket-book, and laying a twenty dollar bill on the desk by which they were standing, said—

"Take this and sign a receipt."

"No, sir," was given with determined emphasis. "I am not to be robbed in this way."

"Ned," the officer now spoke, "take my advice and sign a receipt."

"It's a cursed swindle!" exclaimed the baffled villain.

"We will dispense with hard names, sir!" The officer addressed him sternly. "Either take the money, or go. This is not a meeting for parley. I understand you and your operations."

A few moments Bland stood, with an irresolute air, then clutching desperately at a pen, he dashed off a receipt and was reaching for the money, when Mr. Phillips drew it back, saying—

"Wait a moment, until I examine the receipt. He read it over, and then pushing it towards Bland, said—

"Write, 'in full of all demands.'"

A growl was the oral response. Bland took the pen again, and wrote as directed.

"Take my advice, young man, and adopt a safer and more honorable business," said Mr. Phillips, as he gave him the twenty dollar bill.

"Keep your advice for them that ask it!" was flung back in his face. A look of hate and revenge burned in the fellow's eyes. After glaring at Mr. Phillips and Martin in a threatening way for several moments, he left more hurriedly than he had entered.

"And take my advice," said the officer, laying his hand on Martin's arm—he spoke in a warning tone—"and keep out of that man's way. He'll never forgive you; I know him and his prowling gang, and they are a set of as hardened and dangerous villains as can be found in the city. You are 'spotted' by them from this day, and they number a dozen at least. So, if you would be safe, avoid their haunts. Give drinking saloons and billiard rooms a wide berth. One experience like this should last you a lifetime."

Thus Martin escaped from his dangerous entanglement, but never again to hold the unwavering confidence of his employer. Mr. Phillips pitied, but could not trust him fully. A year afterwards came troublesome times—losses in business and depression in trade. Every man had to retrench. Thousands of clerks lost their places, and anxiety and distress were on every hand. Mr. Phillips, like others, had to reduce expenses, and in reducing, the lot to go fell upon Martin Green. He had been very circumspect; had kept away from the old places where danger lurked; had devoted himself with renewed assiduity to his employer's interests; but for all this, doubts were forever arising in the mind of Mr. Phillips, and when the question, "Who shall go?" came up, the decision was against Martin. We pity him, but cannot blame his employer.

◆

ONE of the strongest characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

NOT ALWAYS SHALL THE CLOUDS OBSCURE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When Spring, with magic, lavish hand,
Her pathway strews with flowers,
And scatters sweet and rich perfume
Through Nature's fairy bowers;
Alas! alas! we know too well
That though they sweetly bloom,
Yet Autumn's chilling tears shall fall
Upon their early doom;
But even then the star of hope
Shines through our clouds of pain,
We know those flowers once more shall bud
That Spring shall come again.

So, when within these hearts of ours
The buds of hope decay,
When pleasures pall, and those we love
In coldness turn away;
Oh, then, amid our anguish deep,
We consolation borrow,
And live in hopes all will be bright
Upon the coming morrow;
And thus our spirits, by meet faith,
Contented are, and pure;
Not always shall the sun be hid,
Nor clouds always obscure.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Dame Rullocks stood at the door of her cottage, watching the pale dawn as it peeped sadly above the horizon, stealing up with a drenched face, as the boisterous night fled away, as a timid child watches the departure of the cruel stepmother who has caused its tears.

The dame had not closed her eyes that night; her boys were all at sea; and what she and her good man had suffered through those stormy hours was known only where their prayers were heard.

As she stood straining her eyesight far out—her husband was already away to the beach—she was aware of some object swiftly hurrying up the craggy pathway from below, becoming every instant more visible in the increasing light.

All her attention was soon fixed upon this object, as she first made it out to be a woman—then that she was bareheaded, her long dark hair flying behind her with the haste she made, for the wind had fallen at daybreak.

The figure stumbled, fell more than once, then climbed upon hands and knees; then, looking up, spied the dame, who had gone nearer in her wonder; there was a cry then, and the arms were thrown upward.

"Gracious mercy!" cried the old woman—"it can't be—yes, it is—it *is*—why, my Nelly, my dear girl!" and with a step forwards, she caught in her arms the unhappy creature, panting, white as death, and as cold.

She uttered no sound, but grasped the dame with hands that were bleeding from the cruel rocks, and hurried her into the cottage.

Shaking all over, holding by the table to steady her limbs, with clenched hands and chattering teeth, she stood before the horrified dame.

She opened her lips, but the power of speech was evidently gone, as she put into the old woman's hand a scrap of paper, then stood with fixed eyes glaring at her as she read by the light of the lamp—

"*Nelly, you will never see me again in this world! I know all your deceit and wickedness. I can bear no more. When you get this I shall be gone for ever!*"

The good soul dropped the paper, as she clasped her hands, and the tears started from her eyes.

"Tell me, dear Nelly—come, come to me, dear!" and she turned to the wretched creature who stood as if turned to stone beside her.

But the other never moved, never shed a tear; her teeth were now locked firmly together, her hands clenched, her eyes fixed.

"Speak to me, my dear!" cried the kindly old body; "don't take on so, dontee dear! he'll come back—he will, my pet! don't, my own child, don't!"

At the words, "He'll come back," the unhappy wife slowly shook her head, then suddenly uttered a cry so piercing, the house rang with the sound. She shook off the old dame, who would have held her back, and, with another shriek, darted out of the cottage.

"She is out of her mind! Oh! Lord, have mercy upon her—she will be killed!" cried the old woman, as she ran out, but Nelly had already disappeared.

But the cries had been heard already from the cottages up and down; in the rocks and on the beach scared forms appeared; happily for the distraught creature, she was intercepted, and brought back, with bleeding feet and garments torn, to the poor dame, who met them on the way, and had her carried into her own cottage.

Strong convulsions seized upon her; and while one ran for the doctor, a long half mile away, the rest helped the dame, or, for the most part, stood terrified in dumb amazement. "What is it?" "What ails her?" "Where be Franklen?" "Who's been to their place?" "How came she here?"

These were but a few of the questions put, and which none could answer.

The dame had thoughtfully put away the scrap of writing; but, alas! Nelly's remorseful ravings soon made concealment impossible.

"I have been wicked!"—"I killed him!"—"Oh! come back, Aaron—husband, dear, come back, and I'll never, never say such things again! Come back! come back—I'll tell you everything, dear—everything, if you'll forgive your poor Nelly!"

Such was the substance of her exclamations, varied by shrill cries, and fearful struggles, which they with difficulty overcame.

"I must go," she cried: "let me go, and bring him back—he will not say me nay; he will come for me. Oh! you cruel, cruel man—you will let him drown. Leave me go, I say!"

"Poor lamb! poor dear soul!" cried the good dame, while the tears fell fast over her wrinkled cheeks; "see, sir, her dear pretty feet all cut with the stones—eh! if he could but see this now, he'd give his heart's blood to heal them, so he would, for he loved her, sir, if ever a man loved a woman."

Alas! they were already speaking of the absent husband in the past tense.

"Where is this paper you speak of?" asked the surgeon, when he had administered an opiate, and dressed the wounds of the miserable girl.

"Is it her husband's writing? Do any of you know it——?"

A crowd of heads bent over the paper the doctor held. But three were competent to judge; two of the men had been at school with Franklen, and decided at a glance that it was his writing. The third, a woman whose letters Nelly used to write to her husband at sea, and which Aaron usually directed, could swear to it.

The man of medicine moved towards the dame. "Are you acquainted with Franklen's handwriting?" he asked.

The dame took from a shelf a large Bible much used, and opened it. On the blank page was written:—"Jessica E. Rullocks, from her loving godson, Aaron Franklen."

"That was his, sir," she said, in a choked voice.

The surgeon laid the paper beside the writing in the book. Again the heads clustered round, and a sorrowful murmur went through the little crowd.

The gentleman shook his head, and returning the paper to the mistress of the house, passed in to the bedside of his patient.

Even in that forced sleep she was starting, convulsive throes agitating her every limb. The dame prayed the doctor not to quit the cottage.

"I fear she'll not get over it, sir; you see at this time——"

The good man made a sorrowful assent. He, too, had his fears.

A slight bustle outside announced the safe return of the six young fishermen with their father.

But the joyful shout that would have greeted their providential escape from the perils of the storm was hushed. The universal interest was centred on a more painful and mysterious subject. But as soon as they heard all, ere they had tasted a mouthful or taken off a garment, the young men were off again, accompanied by others, to the cottage of the Franklens—to the beach—to the cliffs. The hollows, the bay, the haunted Chine and Deepgang were searched; high and low, far and near, the hardy young fellows climbed, scaled rocks, and penetrated caves, chinks, and hollows—in vain. The day passed, the tides rose and fell—watched with a melancholy eagerness by the anxious searchers. They awoke the echoes, but no voice made answer; they set a watch through the night, but morning dawned and nothing had been seen.

One fearful conviction was borne in upon the minds of all: Franklen's boat was gone—the nets and other appurtenances remained in the little stone hut he had built for their shelter; but the boat and oars were gone.

"He went off just in a passion like, maybe," said the elder of the two young Rullocks—who kept up the search longest—as they slowly returned homewards.

"Aye, and that awful night needed all a man's coolness and thought," added the younger. Neither spoke of that which was the inevitable conclusion; they paused as they came to the door of the cottage, and heard the plaintive voice within, in that incessant wail; which, since her violence had abated, the bereaved creature never ceased.

"How is she, mother?"

"Oh, lads, it breaks my heart to hear her, poor child, it just do. She thinks she's going to be married, and keeps talking about her things, and tells me how it's all to be, just as if he was to come to fetch her in the morning—oh! dear, dear heart, that such things should come to pass! Thee'll have to go sleep again at the cottage, for the doctor says it's the only chance to save her sense at all, and maybe her life, to keep her from a sight of things at home."

"Aye, aye, mother, that's all right, don't be troubling about us."

They all vied who should show her most kindness, and each lent his or her mite towards the easing of that terrible burden which had fallen upon her.

Struggling against probability, Dame Rullocks and her husband still held to the belief that Aaron would yet return; but at the end of ten days, ere yet Nelly had spoken a rational word, some boys came running to the cottages with the tidings that Franklen's boat was below the point, among the Shark's teeth (a low reef of broken, dangerous rocks, so called.) It was true enough—they brought it off at high water—a large hole was stove in its side; it must have filled at once and gone down. But as if to leave no ray, even the faintest, of hope or possibility, some days later Aaron's coat and a boot were picked up among the sedges on the point.

These the dame took charge of, and imposed the most solemn promises on those who found them, that they would in no way, by sign or look, let the unconscious wife know of their discovery.

The time was at hand when life would succumb to the new trial, or the faculties be restored by the new impetus given.

* * * * * * *

On a bleak, ungenial morning in May, Nelly Franklen became a mother—still unconscious of her loss, unawakened from that mysterious swoon into which reason had fallen; though the few words she uttered gave more token of coherency.

"A girl."

The same tender hands waited on her as had done in her first agony of grief—the good doctor and the dame, with a gossip or two, without whom such events are not duly honored.

"Good ——" The medical man checked himself in the exclamation, as he handed the child to the dame, who, in her turn, gave but one glance at the newly-born, and turned her eyes upwards with a gesture of horror and dismay.

The gossips approached; one busied herself about the poor mother, the others had turned to the child.

"Merciful ——"

"Heaven save us!"

"Hush!" uttered the dame, in an authoritative whisper, indicating the bed and its occupant by a sign.

The gossips drew near, and, with vehement gesticulations and dumb show of terrified wonder, compensated for their checked utterance.

The doctor approached and attentively examined the child. "Poor lamb! poor innocent!" said the nurse, and she held a whispered conference with the surgeon.

A clear, calm voice spoke from the bed, rational as any in the room.

"Is it dead?" she said.

A faint cry seemed to answer the mother's question.

"Bring me my baby."

Dame Rullocks hesitated, as she looked at the medical man.

He signed that she should comply.

CHAPTER VI.

MYSTERY AND MEGHORN.

Nelly was saved to life, and from worse than death; those blessed tears seemed to lift from her heart the icy numbness of despair which had oppressed it; and though she now wept and bemoaned his loss—whom she felt must be gone for ever, since he came not at such a moment—it was less terrible to behold her natural grief than the stolid apathy of despair which had till now wrapt her in oblivion of all their tender consolation.

At first she gave but little notice to the new little claimant on her love; she seemed rather to frown that any inducement should have been sent her to prolong the life which could no longer have any claim for her; but her good attendants, with a sensible appreciation—humble as they were—of her feelings, let her weep her fill, and by-and-by she grew more calm, and turned, as for consolation, to all that was now left of him; as dearer than any hoarded memorial of love—for was it not himself, in some sort, come again?—and a shade of regret passed over her face as she learned her child was a girl; had it been a boy she might more fully even have realized her fond fancy. In a while her violent fits of weeping had given way to quieter grief, and as they stood aloof, those about her would anxiously watch, while she half raised herself to bend over the sleeping infant—evidently seeking, feature by feature, to trace some resemblance to the beloved husband she had lost; and when some infant trait or mimic turn in the small waxen face struck upon her memory, she would sink back weeping softly, then turn again to her babe; and, gently encircling it with her arm, draw yet closer, as if to guard the precious legacy of his love. So she would fall asleep, most frequently a wandering tear glittering upon the unconscious little cheek beside her, as if the babe, too, wept in slumber for the uncertain fate of the father whose heart it could not make glad.

In her yet uncertain state, they carefully guarded from her knowledge the strange visitation entailed upon the hapless innocent: it was not difficult, for the child was quiet to a miracle—sleeping for hours at a time, and when it awoke, would lie with its eyes wide open, fixed on vacancy, but seldom making any sign till some one came to take it up.

Many were the consultations, attended by due head-shaking and consuming of snuff, held over the singular disfigurement of the child, by the doctor who had attended the mother and a brother *medico*, whose greater experience and allowed skill yet failed to devise any remedy. The wise women of the village and the adjacent town came and saw, but did not conquer. Many were the theories put forth—the strange and awful precedents quoted; but none of which seemed to throw the least glimmer of light upon the mystery of this case. The mother alone, they finally agreed, was the only person who could do so satisfactorily, and they awaited the explanation with a degree of feminine anxiety which was, at least, creditable from its genuineness.

But Dame Rullocks studiously kept the poor young mother from the shock she knew the sight could not fail to inflict. The state of Nelly's health had prevented her feeding the infant during the first few days, and she took little heed of her small companion, save as we have said, and the chill air afforded so good a pretext for the many wrappings of the delicate form, that weeks passed ere the gossips' thirst for information seemed at all likely to be quenched.

But the storm had passed over the soul of the poor young wife. Like the dove to the wanderers on the waste of waters, came that small messenger of peace; its sinless hands bore the olive branch, which bade hope revisit the desolated heart of the erring woman.

They had propped her in the bed with pillows one afternoon, and the curtains were drawn back from the windows, that she might feel the warmth of the spring sunshine, which was making everything bright and glad without, when she said:

"Give me my baby. Please take off that shawl; it makes her so heavy for me."

The dame hesitated but for a moment. She saw the time was come; longer concealment was impossible; she was only glad they were alone.

With more of animation in her pale face than she had yet displayed, the young mother took her child in her arms, and laid it tenderly before her; the dame still left a corner of the covering unremoved.

"Nelly, dear——" she began; but the young woman had thrown the shawl aside, and, as she did so, uttered a cry:

"My baby, oh! my child, my darling! what have you done to it?"

"Nelly, lass, she'll grow out of it; doan't thee, my child, doan't thee vex; the doctor says——"

The mother heard her not. Clasping the wrists of one hand tightly in the fingers of the other, she swayed to and fro above her infant, and cried and sobbed vehemently.

"I know, I know!" she said, in broken accents; "oh baby dear! baby dear! what shall I do for you—oh! what *shall* I do!"

That evening she would part with her child to none. Assisted by the dame, and with many intervals of rest, she undressed it, and, laid close at her side, she watched slumber steal over it, ere she would be persuaded to lie down herself. Firmly clasped in her arms, she held it through the night; and when perhaps a little uneasy at the close embrace, the weakly creature whined a little and awoke, she was on the alert, and looked, and spoke, and replied, as she had never done before since that day.

How shall we pretend to reason, or say this or that is natural or contrary to it? The very thing which they had feared to shock her with, studiously had concealed, lest, suddenly beheld, it might even unseat her reason wholly, was to restore her suddenly to action, to reconcile her to life, endear to her the one whom that very affliction would alienate from the regard of others.

Surely, a mother's love is not to be estimated by any of the laws which regulate other passions and affections peculiar to humanity.

"But you will let me have her while you get your breakfast, my dear lass," said the dame when, on the following morning, Nelly adhered as closely to her babe as if the object of the good old woman had been to kidnap the little mortal.

"Or me? surely you'll let me have her, Nelly, dear."

It was Meg Stratton, Nell's former bridemaid, who had been not the least attentive and sympathizing of her nurses, and whose fondness for the child almost equalled the dame's.

No! Nelly, with all her old wilfulness, refused to part with her small companion; and eat her thin bit of toast, and drank her tea, but not till she had satisfied the claims of her little daughter, the doctor's veto against which had been withdrawn some time since.

After breakfast Nelly announced her intention of getting up, as decidedly as though she anticipated the vehement opposition which was immediately raised.

"Dear heart, not for the world!" cried the dame.

"I *must!* I am quite strong!" was the firm reply.

"Nelly, dear, better wait a bit," suggested Meg.

"I wouldn't for the world help you to such a thing," added the dame.

"Be the death of her!" like the clown in a Greek tragedy, chimed in the matrons who had stepped in to ask after the invalid.

But Mrs. Franklen was obstinate. "I have tried you all long enough," she said; "I *am* strong, and it's time I went into my own place." She stopped a moment—"And there's my child to see to."

"At least, wait till the doctor comes; he will look in to-day—he said so—and hear what he says," urged Meg. So far the invalid yielded; but she would not part with the infant meanwhile.

The doctor came, and heard without astonishment of his patient's resolve. Perhaps he had some experience in the moods of the sex. He offered no objection to Nelly's resolve, rightly judging opposition would work more harm than compliance, and that occupation was the only balm which could just now avail her wounded spirit.

Finding that she was aware of her child's misfortune, he spoke of it tenderly; but to all his dropped hints or queries, Nelly Franklen only shook her head or barely answered him. He suggested the possibility of a future remedy, but at the word "operation," the young mother clasped the child tightly to her breast, and cried, "Don't, sir, please, don't talk so; I couldn't have her hurt, my poor innocent dear! I'll take care of her and work for her; she shan't feel it, but I can't have her hurt."

When the surgeon had departed she arose, Meg helping her to dress. How different from the toilette at which she had last assisted!

Perhaps Meg thought of it, for more than once her eyes were dim, and there was a choking in her voice, as she chirruped to the baby that lay with its large, blue eyes apparently gravely taking note of the various items of its mother's attire.

Very faint and weak the invalid found herself when upon her feet, more so than she would confess, as she tottered to the arm-chair that half-a-dozen kindly hands had helped to arrange near the fire.

But she would herself dress her child, and she did, with many little officious offices from the gossips, who were on thorns the while, quite expecting now that they should receive some enlightenment on the point which so interested them.

But Nelly said nought upon the subject; though now and again her tears dropped, as she handled the slight limbs of her crippled child.

"Poor lamb! it is a sad affliction," murmured one.

"She will likely grow out on it. Nelly Franklen, don't thee take on, lass!"

"It'll not pain her, I'm thinking, and that's a mercy, any way."

One, so venturesome as to touch the deformed limb, Nelly rebuked with the words, "Please *don't!*" gently removing her hand. The words were wildly uttered, but the woman felt them somehow, and did not repeat the offence, nor indeed did the others venture any further to trespass upon what they felt was in some way a forbidden subject.

"Did she tell you nout about it?" asked they of the dame.

She had heard Nelly's first exclamation, and wondered, but she kept knowledge and wonder to herself, and the gossips profited nothing.

"She's greatly changed from what she was," said one; "as gay and open a lass as Nelly Hartsome wasn't in these parts."

"Aye, woman, but she were always that wilful, look ye, there were no gainsayin' of her. I'll swear Debby Rullocks be main glad to get shot o' her."

"I'm afraid there's more to be told than we've heerd yet," put in another, she whom Nelly had rebuked. "They do say poor Franklen led a sorry life, and that she carried on mor'en was becomin' wi' other men."

"Aye, poor lass! well, 'twill be but a sorry look out for her now. Lord help her!"

It is not the first time that the sufferer who, in the moment of affliction or sickness, found sympathy and kindness, has had to bear the turn of the tide which, once the excitement past and sentiment exhausted, has set dead against him, and found out to be error and weakness what was reckoned misfortune.

It was a bitter trial for the stricken woman, the return to her desolate cottage, into which the living hand of a beloved husband had inducted her, which now she entered widowed and a mother.

Good Meg and the dame had been busy through the day, cleaning it throughout, and putting all in order.

A cheerful fire was burning; its light danced over the face of the sober little Dutchman, on the polished handles of the drawers, and on the rows of pewter and delf that filled the shelves.

Through the open door the neat white bed could be seen, with the pretty little table she used to set out so daintily.

All was the same as of old. The thoughtful hands had removed all token of *him* that could come upon her too suddenly. Alas! was it that which struck her? which said so plainly what was missing there?

Poor Nelly! she tightly grasped the arm of Meg, on which she leaned and trembled so, Meg almost lifted her across the threshed.

Up to the hearth she walked, her friend supporting her; she dropped into the chair by the fireside, one look at the empty seat opposite, and the grief so long restrained broke forth.

She burst into tears and wept bitterly. Meg wept for company; the good dame even could give no consolation.

It was the feeble voice of the babe that made itself heard then with most avail. She caught it to her bosom, and while she smothered it with caresses, her sobs subsided, her tears gradually were stayed. Meg stopped that night, and for many days was Nelly's chief helper, till her strength slowly returned, and the sweet face, though pale as a drenched flower, showed more signs of life and spirit. Then she would not hear of keeping her good friends from their own home duties, and with earnest thanks and blessings for all they had done, she begged them to leave her to what must come at last.

When a little time had passed, and she could trust herself to speak of it, she told them how, in the pale dawn of that morning, the fatal note had been brought to her by a boy (his face she could not distinguish in the uncertain light), who said it had been given him by a man in the dress of a fisherman, who was going down towards the beach from towards the Peep o' Day public house, and told him to take it in the early morning to the cottage he described.

And when her friends saw that her grief was settling down to passive endurance, they judged it best to let her know the worst, lest she should be building up futile hopes of his return. But she took the tidings calmly; she seemed to have come to the conclusion long ago that he was lost for ever in this life. She locked away reverently those torn and sea-stained clothes in the chest that held all of her loved husband's—but she said little.

Whatever tears she shed were known only to Him who takes note of all griefs, and to such as it pleaseth Him, in His own time gives peace.

And where was Saul Meghorn, during these mournful days. Has he forgotten his vow to make Nelly his wife? No; he remembers it well, and he repeats it, day by day, as he watches her footsteps, and night by night, as he crouches under the window of her cottage. *He repeats it, and bides his time.*

Saul Meghorn would have broken cover ere this, had it not been that whenever he contemplated speaking to Nelly, a certain terrible scene, enacted on the cliffs one stormy night, rose up before him, and interposed its forbidding front between him and his intent. On such occasions he muttered strangely to himself, and felt his scarred arm, and gazed upon his hands as though there were stains upon them that he would gladly wash off; and then he would shrink away, and roam moodily over the cliffs, and make his way home by circuitous paths.

But for all this, Saul Meghorn's vow was recorded in his fiery heart and in his indomitable will; *and while Nelly mourned in solitude and silence, he patiently bided his time.*

Does the reader think the dark man will win in this desperate game? Let us not anticipate, but as patiently bide *our* time as Meghorn bided *his*. To be continued.

As when a blind man is nigh unto a rose, its sweetness heraldeth its beauty; so when thou savorest humility, be sure thou art nigh unto merit.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

Politico.—The following is a list of the vice presidents of the United States: During both terms of Gen. Washington's administration, John Adams was vice president. The vice president under John Adams was Thomas Jefferson. During the first term of Mr. Jefferson's presidency, the vice president was Aaron Burr; during Mr. Jefferson's second term, George Clinton was the vice president. Mr. Clinton was re-elected, and served until near the close of Mr. Madison's first term, when he died, and the office remained vacant for eleven months. When Mr. Madison was re-elected, Elbridge Gerry was elected to the vice presidency; but he, too, died in office, after serving about a year and a half. The vice president during both the terms of James Monroe was Daniel D. Tompkins. Under John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun was vice president, who was re-elected, and served nearly to the end of Gen. Jackson's first term, when he resigned, and entered the Senate. The vice president during Gen. Jackson's second term was Martin Van Buren. Under Mr. Van Buren the vice presidency was held by Richard M. Johnson. John Tyler was the vice president for a single month of Gen. Harrison's term, and on the death of Gen. Harrison became president. During the presidency of James K. Polk, the vice president was George M. Dallas. Millard Fillmore was vice president under Gen. Taylor, and succeeded to the presidency after Gen. Taylor's death. The vice president elected with Franklin Pierce was William R. King, who died a few weeks after the day of inauguration. The vice president under James Buchanan was John C. Breckenridge. The present incumbent is Hannibal Hamlin.

E. L. R.—This young gentleman asks a question that looks rather simple; but we have often seen, in country churches, young men embarrassed by the same doubt, and decide it wrong. "If," he asks, "you should be sitting in a pew not labelled with a name, and two sweet young ladies, should present themselves at the door, and you should rise and let them enter, what would be your next movement? Should you re-enter the pew and sit down with the young ladies, or should you take another seat?" Re-enter the pew, by all means. Why should you inflict upon them the pain of appearing to drive a young man from his seat? Why should you sheepishly slink away from the presence of two such remarkably sweet young ladies? No, sir; sit down in the pew again like a man, and don't pester the sweet creatures with the unnecessary attention of finding the hymn for them.

Susan.—Love is the grand passion of life, and should never be treated with disrespect. We quite agree with you that disappointment in that respect provokes the worst species of insanity, and we are too prone to ridicule and sneer over a natural infirmity. Concealment does a great deal of harm, but we do not know how, in this satirical age, it could be avoided. The only advice we can give you is to pursue some study, or innocent relaxation of an intellectual character, with ardor and undivided attention. Endeavor to forget the past, and seek in the present for occupation—something to interest and exalt your mind; and, above all, have faith in the future. Give not your "rainy day a windy morrow," but hope that, when the clouds are dispersed, the sun-light will fall upon you in warm and gushing plenteousness.

Anxious.—No one can advise you what branches of knowledge to pursue, or what books to read, unless the adviser knows more about you than we do. As a general rule, that knowledge will alone do you any good which you acquire with a relish. Curiosity is the *appetite* of the mind. Food eaten with a keen appetite does you good, is easily digested; but food that is loathed is not beneficial. If you would profit by your reading, you must read about something respecting which your curiosity is alive. Another thing is to be observed of reading: So extensive is the realm of science, that in order to know thoroughly any branch, you must make a selection of one, and devote your main attention to that all your life. A man may know a little about many things, but he can know much only about one thing.

Mary dolefully informs us that she is in love with a man with whom she has never yet exchanged a word, and even does not know his name or address. She frequently passes him in the streets, and sits near him at church, but he takes not the slightest notice of her. Beware Mary; the girl who takes the initiative in courtship throws aside her maidenly dignity, outrages the modesty and diffidence natural to her sex, and takes a very large stride towards the edge of that fearful gulf where many unconsciously sport, and then tumble into the gloomy depths. Shun the object of your infatuated affection, avoid passing through the streets where you have hitherto seen him, change your place of worship, and depend upon it your love will very soon disappear.

Fidele.—A disparity of thirteen years between the ages of a lady and gentleman is certainly great: but if the latter has led a temperate life, and is of good constitution, he cannot be considered as seriously objectionable. Some men look younger, and are physically, morally, and mentally more healthy at forty, than numbers of the young men of the present day are at twenty-one. It is purely a matter to be controlled by its peculiar circumstances; but taking the question upon its bare merits, we most decidedly say that there is nothing improper in a gentleman, aged thirty-one, marrying a young lady of eighteen.

Mabel is nineteen years of age, rather tall and good-looking, has blue eyes and a fair complexion, and wishes to know how she should proceed to obtain a husband. By not looking out for one at all, but cultivating all the graces that adorn you, and waiting patiently for the coming man. Believe that he will make his appearance some day or another, and with that assurance take care of your personal attractions, improve your mental ones, and so make yourself deserving of the good fortune in store for you. Beauty and worth never go a-begging in this country.

P. S.—Tall men are exceptions to the rule. The mass of mankind are of the middle stature—a little less than five feet eight inches. Your brother's prejudice reminds us of Frederick the Great: that monarch liked big men, because, as Voltaire sarcastically observed, they made such capital targets—like nine-pins, they wouldn't move until they were knocked down. Wellington's favorite troops were light cavalry and light infantry; they did all the hard work, and kept up on the march better than the heavy ones.

Penn.—No young lady who has a proper self-respect will either ask or accept the portrait of a young man to whom she is not engaged to be married. No degree of intimacy, short of engagement, can justify such a freedom. We are aware, as you say, that some ill-instructed and thoughtless girls do not scruple to exchange miniatures with young men with whom their acquaintance is not at all intimate. Ignorance is the only palliation of such conduct.

Grace.—"Which exalts a nation most," asks Grace, "wisdom or virtue?" We do not recognize any essential difference between wisdom and virtue. No man is wise who is not virtuous, and he who is virtuous proves that he is wise. Virtue is wisdom in practice, and the office of wisdom is to discern what is right. The fool is he who does wrong; and he alone is wise who knows that it is always *best* to do right, though at the hazard of property, life and honor.

Oeristown.—The expression in the Stock reports, "Pennsylvania 5's," means, shares of the public debt of Pennsylvania bearing five per cent. interest. The terms, "first board" and "second board," imply that the board of brokers hold two sessions daily. You are to be congratulated upon your ignorance of this kind of gambling. It is of such matters that ignorance is bliss.

Rural Matron.—We have made due inquiry into the composition of the article of confectionary called *Charlotte Russe*, and have ascertained, that the process of making it cannot be so described on paper as to enable you to produce a creditable result. Nor does an ordinary kitchen contain the requisite untensils. The principal ingredients are white of eggs and powdered sugar.

Max.—Yes: into a half-pint tumbler of fresh water, full to the brim, several spoonfulls of salt or sugar can be put without causing the water to overflow. A large part of the salt will mingle with the water without increasing its bulk; but as more salt is added, the water will rise about the edge of the vessel without overflowing.

Effie.—The expression, "It is better for to give to the poor," is not correct; the word, for, is superfluous. The translation of the Bible now in common use is no standard of Grammar, since it was made two hundred years ago, before the English language had obtained its present development and purity.

Rochester.—Apples and potatoes that have been frost-bitten, may be restored by putting them into cold water for a few hours. They must be put into the water, however, before they have begun to thaw.

B. C. F., (North Chester, Mass.)—You should write to the Managers of the Five Points Mission, if you wish to procure a poor boy from the city to do light work about your house.

M. M.—Putty is a mixture of whiting and linseed oil, kneaded together till the mass becomes of the consistency of dough. Anybody can make it.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*